



ROUND-THE-WORLD

JINGLES

• BY •

CHARLOTTE • C. DAVENPORT •





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*"We'll lure strange peoples to our shores, as we
are lured today"*

(See page 148)

A Round-the-World Jingle

By Charlotte C. Davenport



*Illustrations by Harold Field Kellogg
from
Photographs by Shepherd Stevens
and others*

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1918

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1918

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Go, little book, with naught but simple tale,
But in the telling, add that every sale
Means food, or bandage, or some Red Cross aid
To those whose life-blood goes the Cause to save.
Your Cause and mine! The Cause of Sister Lands!
The World-Cause asking succor at our hands.



DEDICATION

Just a record day by day,
Told in jingling sort of way—
and

Lovingly dedicated to the memory of one of
the most congenial companions in many
of my varied wanderings—

MY MOTHER



PREFACE

THESE rather belated Jingles—my individual diary—call for, I feel, somewhat of an explanation. Written, as they were, subsequent to the war between Russia and Japan—and before a mighty volume of history was blackened—deadly black—by the present conflict between so-called civilized nations, and before the world-known name of St. Petersburg had been made to appear upon the map as Petrograd. Written, also, alone for private pleasure, they are, unexpectedly, finding their way into public print. Trusting the kindly eye that reads them will ever keep this fact in mind, and praying the Peace Dove, now long-time nested, may again take wing and permanently alight upon every nation of the earth, I am launching my Jingles on their maiden trip.



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THE START

Beyond the whisperings of the leaves, beyond the rustling whirr,
One hears—when brisker, bolder breeze keeps every branch astir;
Beyond the City's voice there comes a lapping on the shore,
An inward, outward, roll of wave, like distant, shell-like roar.

'Tis the calling of the waters from beyond our Golden West,
And beckoning finger, luring us—the Spirit of the East!
Not fair New England's "way down East," so neighborly at hand,
But where the earliest sun-rays burst o'er old Buddhistic land.

Not in vain yon finger beckons! To the breeze we hurl reply!
"Speed on, ye winds! We're coming in the earliest by and by!"
And to the ocean's ceaseless song—persuasive evermore,
We say: "Roll on! E'er full of moon, we'll sail your billows o'er!"

The busy days are over now! The very last key turned!
The last "good-by" is spoken, and we're starting round the world.
The many preparations that one always has to make—
Deciding which things wise to leave, and which are best to take—



Assorting, re-assorting, until we come to find
That much we thought essential can be left with ease behind.
The least, the very least, is best when one is on the wing;
A multitude of raiment will no compensation bring.

So now, with few equipments, just enough for comfort's sake,
We face the unknown future, and the journey undertake.
How steal the charms upon us of the pilgrimage begun!
How joyously our steps we bend toward setting of the sun!

The starting hour has scarce come round, when lo! without delay,
Without commotion, bell, or sound, we simply slip away.
Out from the never-ceasing throng that surges like the waves!
A human tide 'neath station roof, whirling in devious ways.

A flood-tide, even as it ebbs—and ebbing as it flows;
We question how and where it lives, and, rushing, where it goes.
But softly on! Our train moves slow within the city line;
We pass familiar domes and homes, and think—how long the time

Ere park, and church in embryo, and driveway, spires, and tomb,
Within our range of sight will show, and what is dearer—Home.
Perhaps we look more tenderly, more lingeringly, today;
Perhaps we wish them photographed, thus keeping them alway.



"Ere park, and church in embryo"



Not by an Eastman lens, 'tis true, but retina of eye;
A picture we would hold in view as all the year rolls by.
We gaze on yonder rugged walls, those river guards in line,
And though come changing grooves with age, still do *they* laugh
at time.

We leave them to their rock decree, grim sentries on their watch,
And silent, as their *vis-à-vis*, wee Sleepy Hollow Church.
One almost thinks, while passing here, to catch a clattering sound,
And see a headless man appear, speeding with furious bound—

While one, hard chased in sore affright, at thought of ills to come,
Pursued by most uncanny sight! Where should be head—is none!
Wildly and blindly sped he on, o'er bridge and gruesome vale.
True, fears were groundless, but to him that chase was ghastly real.

Thus with us all; along life's scene, the doubts of passing years
Are vapor oft—not what they seem; the fears but phantom fears.
Poor Ichabod we leave behind in legend weird and quaint;
Our Eldorado we would find, and time knows no restraint.

Grim Palisades, and each known mile along that river front,
Inspire a latent, loyal pride as, passing now West Point,
We round, ere long, old Anthony, or, rather, his huge nose,
Which causes curve of river by his changeless, stolid pose.



Here Storm King, with defiant might, sees ages come and go,
While grand "Old Glory" waves in sight, o'er troops in embryo.
We pass likewise the city where the female mind is trained,
And where, years back, was ratified the country's laws, as framed,

When the Constitution Fathers were obliged to sit and wait
Till New York's big seal decided our great Constitution's fate.
What had the Empire State declined to join the other ten?
What had she shown rebellious mind? The query is, What then?

* * * * *

Turning anon toward Catskill peaks, which loom in distant haze,
We know old Hunter vigil keeps in changeless, watchful gaze.
We know through narrow Stony Clove and wooded Kaaterskill,
The Red Man once was wont to rove, and whisperings linger still

In splash and dash of waterfall, and sudden burst of rain,
Pervading all—an Indian Call through Onti Ora chain.
We dream! Perhaps of click of balls in yonder woodland deep!
No noise is heard as ten-pins fall, where fell that wondrous sleep.

Old Rip! and Schneider! and the gnomes! those little men galore,
All live again in Catskill realms; and softly heard once more
Is Gretchen pleading, though in vain, the while loud thunders roar!
And winds in shrieking fury gain, as from that cottage door



Rip issues, driven from within; we feel, sent forth to die.
Our sympathies are all with him; our dream ends with a sigh.
And thus we reach the Capital, where great state laws are made,
While some find burial, quietly, upon the table laid—

Breaking the hearts of aspirants with longings keen, but then,
At least they've gained experience, and may be wiser men.
Here, too, our Hudson—royal stream!—flows, but with parting
knell;
We know he carries back as queen the lovely Mohawk Belle.

We've watched his flowings hour on hour, by hillside and through
dale;
And now the early shadows lower within the Mohawk vale—
While just a lingering sunbeam plays on river as it winds,
And brings, with evening stillness, love's romances to our minds.

We feel as if this world of ours knows naught of ill nor pain;
That life is but perennial youth, and we all young again.
Perhaps 'tis true that years are naught; we make them all too real.
If Youth's wee bird sings in the heart, we'll *be* the age we *feel*.

Here shadows ever lurking rudely thrust themselves again;
We note the spot where patriot fought, and where, by Indian slain.
All tributaries of life's stream, in flood or ebbing tide,
Have one sunlit, but also have that *other* shaded side.



And so, as musings come and go, time knows no halt nor space;
A myriad stars are twinkling, and the night queen in her place.
The "Garden City" of the Lakes we leave in depths of night;
The "Windy City" opens arms, and bids us there alight.

WESTWARD FROM CHICAGO

Chicago brings a change of trains, and with it hours of time.
We tour her parks, her bustling streets; pronounce her lake-front fine.
Then, turning, seek the quarters which will be our sole abode
While journeying on, yet farther on, o'er miles of steel-tracked road.

We left the "Windy City" with the night shades coming on,
And, looking back, a bit of haze was all we gazed upon.
Again the stars are shining, and again the great moon keeps
Maternal vigil o'er us, as the world around us sleeps.

* * * *

Not all the world was sleeping. There was one whose eager eye
Was scanning landmarks passing, as his train went scurrying by.
And as the glorious morning breaks, with whistles, shrieks, and puffs,
His engine and all hands he takes straight into Council Bluffs.



We cross the brown Missouri here and enter Omaha;
And while they couple "Diner" on we breathe a goodly store
Of fine, fresh, morning ozone, for the morn is still quite new,
And an ante-breakfast promenade seems just the thing to do.

Then on again, with appetites made keen by morning air;
No sauce so good as hunger to make excellent the fare.
Not that a sauce was needed here—no innuendoes meant.
That *à la carte* was more than fair—no cause for least complaint.

So facile on the "Overland" to feel one's self at home;
This spacious, so-called "Limited" applies to count alone.
A certain number only can find transportation through,
Where the service is most excellent, discomforts very few.

There's never lack of interest as the train speeds on its way:
The following of the River Platte the greater part of day;
A study of the signals; the ranches full in view;
The beeves corralled for shipment; and the mails we hurried
through—

All filled the day completely, o'er a road for most part straight;
And now North Platte is entered, with a good five-minute wait.
Night closes in upon us with the earth well wrapped in snow,
While daylight finds us climbing, and the world left far below.

* * * *



At Sherman—highest point attained—near second Great Divide,
Eight thousand feet in air we reach, and scan the other side.
Wyoming and the Cañons, and then farther on, Utah;
Salt Lake we cross, while sunbeams tip both water crest and shore.

Through Lucien Cut! The crossing there leaves mental pictures fair;
Soft colorings scattered far and near, and like to balm the air.
Well may they love their valley home, that sect that made it green;
The “Valley of the Desert,” changed by them to “Valley Queen.”

We note a change of people, both in manner and in gown;
The very language differs as to choice of words and tone.
We think ’tis somewhat “slangy,” and the dress too loud we find,
And the free and easy manner half disturbs the Eastern mind.

We say, “What lack of polish!” and we’re apt to add, “How queer!”
Were it well ourselves admonish, lest ourselves be but veneer?
We humans round the world are prone, as voices loud attest,
To think of customs, faith, and home, that which is *ours* is best.

One can float upon these waters as a gull upon the sea,
Yet there’s something round its borders like a bit of mystery.
Perhaps some wandering spirit o’er its bosom softly steals;
Perhaps, we know not what it is, but something, that one feels.



A wife, perchance. Sad fortune! Coming back to seek her own;
And if her own, what portion? And if a wife, which one?
One can't help this mild digression in a land of many wives.
One can catch their sad confession on the breeze, in whispered sighs.

Just here an outdoor meeting we can sight from passing train.
How we long to wait a minute just to see that *hat* again!
To pass judgment on the giving—or the lack of it, should say;
For their nickels and bestowing, that crowd knew some other way.

It brings to mind Camp Meeting tale, the offerings being small.
Old Uncle Joe, he speaks his mind, and tells them, one and all:
“I tank you—all der brevren and der sisters too—fer dat.
De Lawd be praised! I’se got it heah! I’se got de ole hat back.”

Yes! Much of interest round us! This fair lake, so broad and clear,
And the sunlight glinting o'er us, and the snow-arms hovering near.
Yet we leave the Wasatch Mountains, like great guardsmen clad in
white!

We are rolling on toward Ogden, and thence—speed into the night.

* * * * *

How the miles pile up behind us! What an endless run of track!
And with every mile our Empire State is farther—and farther—back.
Far in the rear we've left it, and ere noon the following day,
Reno is passed! Nevada gone! Still speed we on our way.



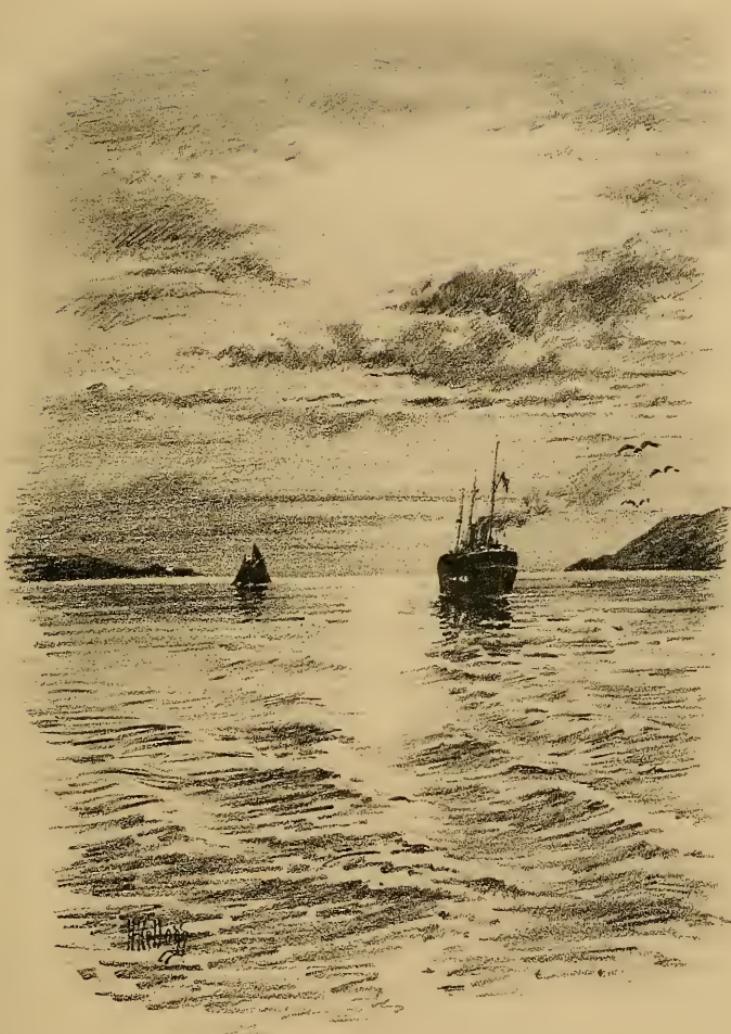
Far ahead, the wild Sierras! and the rounding of Cape Horn!
That summit reached, the winter night we change for summer dawn.
Ah! who can tell the beauty of that picture, as it seemed—
Of the mantle white behind us, and the snow-sheds—have we
dreamed?

For beneath us spreads a garden, from which whiffs of sweetness come.
Varied blossoms! pussy willows, too, stand basking in the sun;
For sunshine everywhere abounds, and creeps with smiling beams,
Clothing all nature in its rounds, with vivid, golden greens.

Thus crossed we the Sierras. (Oh, for words to note the change!)
On the one side, frost and winter, far as human eye can range;
On the other, springtime verdure, yielding fragrance to the air,
From the blossoms white of plum tree, and the pink of peach and pear.

Such contrast! and so beautiful! far down, a shimmering stream,
So far below, and winding, like a thread two walls between.
The whole—beyond expression! for the nonce alone, 'tis ours!
'Tis California! Golden State! Rich land of fruit and flowers.

Dropping down into the valley, all the soft winds seem to say:
“This is how we bid you welcome; 'tis our flowery, Western way.”
“Move on south a little farther, would you know our wealth of
charms,
Where the Santa Clara Valley opens wide her floral arms.”



“Through Golden Gate to sea”



“Where for miles, like scene Elysian, ’neath a shower of blossoms rare,
You will catch Arcadian vision—blossoms! blossoms! everywhere.”

“Yes, quite so, soft winds,” we whisper; “ye have here great wealth
of flowers.

Take our homage as your answer—for a Queen of States is yours.”

SAN FRANCISCO

One is lost in admiration for this fertile, sunlit slope;
Our little band sought promised land, and finds true “Land of Hope.”
Her skies are blue, marine her seas, profuse her growth in flowers;
Her wealth of generous-yielding trees drop fruit in golden showers.

Erect, and from her ashes, San Francisco stands today,
Superb in strength and valor! Coming up from clinching fray
With a heroism ne’er outdone, as grand result acclaims—
A city built by human braves, and beautified through flames.

We’ve made our flight between the seas; such easy, rapid run!
We hardly sensed the starting made, when lo! the end had come.
And now, in sight of green-clad slopes, our moorings are set free;
We pass, to seek more distant shores, through Golden Gate to sea.



HONOLULU

Still onward, round the circle, o'er a sea-path fairly long,
But we, at Summer Island, pause—so green and full of song;
Where sward seems like to velvet, and the foliage richly bright;
Where the brilliant bougainvillia grows to tree-tops in its might.

Where the stranger stepping shoreward, finds a garland tossed o'er-head,
And the greeting softly spoken, and so musically said,
Really *means* a hearty welcome; and the stranger there alone,
Feels a courteous warmth extended, feels the friendliness of home.

Where Kamehameha—once king—gave mandates terse and brief:
“On! Drive them on to death!” cried he, “beyond the Pali Cliff!
On! and within the jaws of death these would-be kings must go!
No valley outlet there, save one—a thousand feet below!”

Control he grasped! the victory seized o'er contest fierce but brief;
Hawaiians thus their king achieved—their long-lived, honored chief.
What though, in regal form, he stands on pedestal today?
Fine type of powerful manhood, yet 'tis other powers hold sway.



“But we, at Summer Island, pause”



We left him there as shadows fell on Kilauea's cone;
Eternal fires within it dwell, this spirit-maiden's home.
So runs the folklore of a race and land unlike our own,
Though seek we *both* the kindly face and care of Uncle Sam.

Arcadian spot! that emerald rare, set round with silvery wave,
Where stars are bright, and mild the night; whose shores, soft ripples
lave.

Yet in the gloaming moved we on, our bow toward setting sun,
While sweet "good-by" fell soft in song from silvery, native tongue.

"Aloha-Oe!"—how it rose, and fell, and rose again;
"Aloha-Oe!"—gone—as glows from sun-bed tipped the main.
And now with flowers and song of bird comes back a symphony,
Born of that green oasis in Balboa's restless sea.

AT SEA

We're sailing off anew, with yet a-many-a-mile ahead;
Ten moons to rise, ten suns to set, the while these decks we tread.
Grandly the good ship plows her way, straight to the Dawning East;
They christened her *Manchuria*—we know her as the *Best*.



Steady and firm her course she rides, true to her worthy name.
Did ever better captain guide so good ship o'er the main?
And "By the way," said one, at night, while gazing at the stars,
"How does our captain know the folk—the kind of folk—on Mars?"

"He can't," said all, "though full of fame, and earthly wise he be."
"Oh, yes!" response so quickly came. "*Our captain's been to see.*"
"I've another," said our widow (and in verity she had—
She was going to Manila, there to wed another lad.)

"Come! exercise your mental powers, and tell me, some of you,
How much, by calculation, do you make of two and two?"
"Why, four, of course," in chorus, from admirers not a few.
"Not always," said our bride-elect; "they're sometimes twenty-two."

On board are nooks one seeks with books, perchance with cards or—
well—
If truth be told, these cozy nooks some jolly tales could tell.
Some fine discussions are abroad, and some are questioning whether
The subject there—where chair meets chair, and heads are close
together—
Whether 'tis science holds them fast, so conscious of each other;
Is that the theme so long to last, or—simply the fine weather?
"I fear me, no!" "I told you so!" said one, the gossip-monger;
"I've watched them closely, come and go, and now I've ceased to
wonder."



"What joy!" so softly said, near by, "Dear Heart, to sail together!
Could we but sail—just you and I—just you—and I—forever!"
He loved it all—the ship, the sky, the soft Pacific air.
He loved it! and we all knew why—his fate and he met there.

"And these," continued our G. M., still not to be outdone—
"That colonel yonder, and his wife," remarked this knowing one;
A word is dropped, report goes round, it shapes itself so soon—
"Devotion greater ne'er is found—I hear they're bride and groom."

"Indeed!" said we, who had been told of family ties afar;
"Did cruel parents long withhold their blessing on this pair?"
Gallant is he! like queen is she! a model, stately pair,
And both, well rounded sixty years, show shower of snow-white hair.

"I think report not strange," said one, and added furthermore,
"One does not always lover find where years have lapped threescore."
A couple well to emulate! Whose lives a radiance shows,
Though "silver threads among (their) gold" are like to Alpine snows.

* * * * *

Some knew not of the burial of the day we lost at sea.
What cared they for that complex thing so like a mystery?
We sought our cabins Wednesday night, and woke on Friday morn.
No extra sleep, but cause to weep! Antipodes was gone.



And with it went a glorious day from out our sailing lives;
Antipodes was buried deep, or wafted to the skies.
Quite gone for aye, unless we sail along this path once more;
And, coming back this watery way, this buried day restore.

“*Requiescat in pace,*” say we all, till future days come round;
We’ll leave thee wrapped in watery pall, and seek celestial ground.
Beyond is Fujiyama’s cone, high raised in sacred state.
Six thousand miles, and more, we’ve come, from yonder Golden Gate.

Here, then, we’ll leave our goodly ship, and linger for awhile
Amid Japan’s sweet blossoms, in the midst of Springtime’s smile;
From here we’ll watch, regrettfully, our good ship steam away.
The cherry blossoms bloom afresh—’tis Springtime bids us stay.

YOKOHAMA

How unique is the arrival, and how soft the quiet tone;
To seaward looking—well we know that just across lies home.
But here in Yokohama, ’tis good-by to yonder West;
Under crest of Fujiyama, one has reached the Eastern East.



One scarce has stepped to landward e'er line up the little men,
With a novel show of rikishas; and soon, ensconced within,
We move along in comfort, like to younger mortals shown,
In this cozy, little, man-drawn chaise—but baby carriage—grown.

We learn to like its motion, and the wandering to and fro,
In this little, man-power equipage—the “power” so free to go.
And later on we learn to know, by aid of coolie-man,
Of Buddha shrines, and bamboo groves, and flower beds of Japan.

Thus here we haply loiter, rather loth to change the scene;
Home somehow seems the nearer with but watery miles between.
But with days at Kamakura, and the calm-faced Buddha there,
Comes farewell to Yokohama; and to “come again” our prayer.

TŌKYŌ

We breathe the air of royalty; high magnates gather here.
The Court and Court Attachés dwell in stately atmosphere.
These, in their gardened compounds, show in homes a contrast strong
To those of little, quiet folk—this great, kimonoed throng.



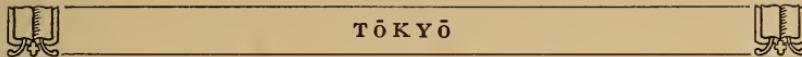
Professors, smallest tradesmen—all in quarters face to face;
A toddling, little people, squeezed within a tiny space.
Wee houses, smothered up in signs, which signs sway to and fro;
Where strange, descriptive pennants tell of merchandise below.

These signs have told us startling facts. On one we plainly read
Of barber's ease, in shaving acts, "to cut of ladies head."
Quite oft one meets with phrases which provoke a quiet laugh;
But sweetest tones announce to us "the hour for lady-bath."

The low, brown, native house one finds outstretching, row on row,
In this city of great distances—old, foreign Tōkyō.
And customs—theirs for centuries—to us, how wondrous queer!
While this we question of ourselves—to them, how *ours* appear?

As to our brides—would they elect to pass their honeymoons
In doleful visitation to some kinsmen's shrines or tombs?
E'en thus the imperial family make, in part, their wedding tours.
Ah! very wide apart are they—these little brides and ours.

The gaiter, too! sad, hapless thing, on which they toddle round;
A wooden sole, raised up on wood, some inches from the ground.
Like to animated bundles, nearly broad as are they high;
On little—almost baby-feet, go slowly pattering by.



But time and change go hand in hand ; in sight of Palace grounds
Fine Governmental Buildings stand, and well-laid-out compounds ;
Showing the growing tendency to introduce the new,
For foreign element—these last—and these are still but few.

They say that in all Tōkyō the number is so small,
If foreigners be all combined, a thousand covers all.
These—in a million and a half of native Japanese—
Is drop in ocean, so to speak, or leaf among the trees.

* * * * *

'Tis linked—this Eastern Capital—with days and history past.
At first but fishing hamlet small, which harbored man and mast.
Adopted by Ieyasu, when his Shogun power began,
As chosen seat of government—*real* ruler of Japan.

He, then, and his successors, fourteen Shoguns, held full sway ;
The Mikado in Kyōto, three good hundred miles away.
So moves the world ! We now here find all Shogun power and strife
Are ended quite. The last moved on in evening of his life.

This last—the fifteenth Shogun—here abode in honored state ;
His temporal power quite laid aside, once forceful potentate !
So roll the ceaseless wheels of time ! forever and anon,
Rolling and gathering in its van the power we know as man.



Shogun! and Daimyō! and Samurai! titles all obsolete,
Since he, the long-time Emperor, assumed the reins of state;
Since he—the Court and Retinue—some fifty years ago,
Transferred themselves to Yedo, known since then as Tōkyō.

BUDDHA

“Ye gods and little fishes!” The gods of these Eastern seas
Are very like to the stars of night—in multitude such are these.
A god to the minute! every one! for every day in the year!
Alas! how many poor souls have none, and here, there are gods to
spare.

First Buddha! the great god Buddha! and Kwannon—with thousand
hands;
These two are the chief, colossal gods in these so-called heathen lands.
Bestower of good and perfect gifts, the “Goddess of Mercy”—she;
An emblem of all high attributes, the great embodiment—he.

We queried, at Kamakura, while watching the calm repose
Of him whose teachings were all for good—for good, so far as it goes;
But it ends in blank Nirvana, and Nirvana means rest, not growth.
What then? If this life leads nowhere, why struggle—and what its
worth?



"First Buddha! the great god Buddha"



Why hold in view "Excelsior," and aim for higher plane?
Why—if the great futurity holds nothing to attain?
With all respect for Buddha, and his followers, too, forsooth,
We want to grow—as the ages go—in infinite power and truth.

'Tis true, they worship Buddha-God, most chaste and holy man!
His creed, howe'er, imported was into this old Japan.
'Tis Shinto is the nation's faith, based on simplicity—
A faith which harbors many gods and worships ancestry.

For ancestor—or ancestress—whiche'er the case may be,
They chose the great Sun Goddess as their highest deity.
Her spirit dwells at Ise, in the temple-pillar there,
And thence the faithful wend their way to seek her aid in prayer.

From her the great Mikado comes from immemorial time,
Descendant of this goddess great in sacred, lineal line.
And thus we seek our God—or gods—according to our light;
Who, then, can say, "We only"—"we alone"—are in the right?



NIKKŌ

On through a long, dim, stately aisle of venerable trees,
Where sunbeams, flickering, pause and smile upon the outer leaves.
And where, as noon makes clear the way, they glint athwart the road,
And oftentimes moonbeams haply play, by swaying branches wooed.

Here have the faithful long time trod, along this somber way;
It leads beyond to Buddha-God, and where the faithful pray.
An avenue of quiet tone—cathedral-like! and these
Old dignities of ages gone are cryptomeria trees.

Great, solemn, hoary sentinels—fast friends of Father Time!
Make welcome shade to Nikkō, and Ieyasu's hilltop shrine.
Nikkō! "The land of brightness," nestled near to Nantaisan;
One of grand Nature's fairest spots in lovely old Japan.

Then here among her temples rare, and shaded temple grounds,
We'll watch the faithful pass to prayer, where tinkling bell resounds.
Ornate, these lacquered temples, well-nigh hidden in the trees;
So unique! with touch of artisans in panels and in frieze.



“One of grand Nature’s fairest spots in lovely old Japan”



In carvings rare, and luster bright! aglow with artist power
In nestling bird, or bird in flight, or bud and opening flower.
Choicest of gems in brass and bronze within these lacquered doors;
While towering storks, on outspread fronds, stand guard on matchless
floors.

Smooth, luster floors, like mirrors, claiming watchful, zealous care;
'Tis naught but softly slippered feet can find an entrance there.
The work of patient, skillful hands, result of master-thought;
O'erspread by hush of Eastern lands—these symphonies—hand-
wrought.

Here, too, we saw a rainbow scheme, so wondrously portrayed;
We saw fair Nikkō's "*tout le monde*," most brilliantly arrayed.
A festival! a great fête day, devoted to the gods!
When long processions lined the way with offerings of foods.

When temple magnates, out in force, made up rich color scheme,
And masses of the village folk were grouped against the green;
When little tots, like bundles, seemed as if in rainbows dressed—
Just a brilliant mass of coloring on a grass-grown hillside tossed.

And others donned the costumes of the days of long ago—
White Priestesses, and Samurai, and fine-robed Daimyō;
Dragons and falcons passed in line, and sacred palanquin—
Revered as being near the gods—a sort of go-between.



One sees such multitudinous gods, and some, if truth be told,
Have naught in personality to draw one to the fold;
To wit, the temple guardian gods, enclosed at temple gate—
The monster, writhing, image gods in fiercest, warlike state.

These guard the temples, keep out ills, do this, and furthermore
They grant all faithful, *well-aimed* prayers, which fall not to the
floor—

But fasten firmly to the god, whose mien, though that of scorn,
Is truly typical of good, and there to keep out harm.

* * * * *

Here, too, is shrine, to which we fain would move with measured
tread;

Onward and upward, till we gain Ieyasu's tomb o'erhead.
There surely is a something, most impressive, o'er one steals,
As we near these endless slumber beds—a stillness that one feels.

No outside thoughts within are stirred, o'er paths which lead us there;
No sound is heard, save chirp of bird—so still, so hushed, the air.
All peace and quiet! Thus move on in peace, great soul of man!
Well chosen is thy charnel bed, once ruler of Japan.

With silent step and hush of voice, we quit this upland tomb,
While just one gentle, living sound—a bird note—breaks the gloom.
Another path we know leads on, beyond e'en Nikkō's charms,
And haply winds, and climbs, anon, yet nearer to the stars.



*“Ornate, these lacquered temples, well-nigh
hidden in the trees”*



E'en now from shadowed lakeside floats a rippling, beckoning call—
Sweet Nature's call! a joyous note! the keynote of it all!
We know, 'mid verdure softly green, there fair Chūzenji lies;
Her bosom bathed in silvered sheen and blues of Eastern skies.

We know she dreams her little dream of life, in quiet ways;
That peace, and sweet surroundings, mark the round of passing days.
These passing days, so swift to go, like dreams chased by the dawn;
And, like our dreams, some rosy morn we'll wake and find them gone.

And we shall leave, all bathed in rest, these temples and their groves;
These silent, old, historic trees, through which one, lingering, strolls.
And tombs! where rest two Shoguns great, and Nikkō! fairest flower!
In beauty quite enfolded in this perfect mountain bower.

MIYANOSHITA

Up through green-clad, lovely valley, where the green wears varied
hues;
Up through dark, rich cryptomerias, which such solemn lights diffuse;
Through undergrowth of tender shoots and new-born buds we strayed,
Where boughs of cherry blossoms were by fairy zephyrs swayed.



All around us, budding softness, such as early Springtime weaves
When the vari-tinted maples show the baby, feathery leaves;
When the air is sweetened ozone, and we wonder—is it true?
Is it earth, or bit of paradise, we're slowly wandering through?

Just ahead, a curve in roadbed shows an outline toward the skies;
'Tis where, nestled 'gainst dark background, lovely Miyanoshita lies;
Just a grey line in the gloaming—'tis the sleeping of the sun.
Oh, what paradise to come to when the traveler's day is done!

Open door gives warmth of welcome; one could scarcely ask for more
Than the generous air of comfort the Fujiya holds in store.
Shaded walks and long excursions, both in beauty here abound;
Try a start in early morning, with the dew still on the ground.

Let the coolies bear you onward, if in *kago* or in chair,
Covering hills and dew-kissed valleys in that morning, mountain air;
Every blade of grass resplendent, lifting faces to the sun;
Every hanging leaf a-quiver with the joy of day begun.

With you, sharing in its plenty, as your coolies brush the boughs;
Nature's cup, so full of beauty, overflows in early hours.
Make the trip to quaint Hakone, and its lovely, limpid lake;
Should the season be propitious, Fujiyama will awake



*"Make the trip to quaint Hakone, and its
lovely, limpid lake"*



From her lethargy in cloudbed, and in regal state appear—
Towering shrine of countless pilgrims, toiling hither year on year.
Standing out in rounded beauty, quite the sacred thing apart;
We are told, within its bosom wakes a maiden's throbbing heart.

Can we wonder it is worshipped—grand and isolated cone?
Was there mountain more poetic, or symmetric, ever known?
Regal, in its snow-white veiling! peerless, when to green restored!
One of Nature's dreams, we think it; fadeless dream, to be adored.

KYŌTO

We have reached the very Mecca! the pilgrim's shopping mart!
The place, they say, that goes straightway to every woman's heart.
Leastwise, paternals oft have told of lingering very near,
While "Mother" found new use for gold in one more souvenir.

Such shops! so fascinating! Royal days, indeed, had we!
Too short, alas! not halfway time such treasures rare to see.
What with Nishimura's pictures, and Jomi's damascene,
And Namikawa's *cloisonné*, plump purses soon are lean.



At Yamanaka's, countless gems! at Benton's, grand display!
In both one lingers on till blends the twilight with the day.
On street, not most attractive, these shops one scarce would see;
But once within—exhibit choice, and gracious courtesy.

We say, "not most attractive"; of street beauty, there is none;
Yet much of interest of a kind peculiarly its own.
And the shops! museums of treasures! here are choicest bits of art!
One is asked to see the toilers, too, in workshops set apart.

Toilers they are, and artists! toilers happy in their art!
Whose hours of patient working claim of life its major part;
Who, to bits infinitesimal, and fairy use of brush,
Add adroitness in designing, and a wondrous color-touch.

One would seek, perchance, Satsuma, and may find it, if he will,
In the old shops of Ōsaka, wrought by artisans of skill;
Not those rich, old, time-toned vases, mellowed soft by many a year—
They but live in rare museums. Scarce outside does one appear.

Yet we find a thing of beauty in the quaint shops of today,
And we see the artist-workman mold and decorate his clay;
With a deftness born of practice, and this practice—life's great part;
With a patience, mothering aptness, there is born a piece of art.

* * * * *



If, while touring in Kyōto, one is somewhat pressed for time,
Go to Kiyomitzu-dera; let *that* temple be the shrine.
With the insect-life a-humming, make the gradual, wooded climb;
If the day is in the gloaming, one will find the view divine.

Before one spreads the valley, with Kyōto at our feet;
One is up among the maples, far above the stir of street.
As a background, cryptomerias, climbing hillside to its crest;
Sacred trees, whose stillness wakens slumbering thoughts of peace and
rest.

Oh, how calm the saintly quiet! not a stir of human here!
Stars above the cryptomerias, and in silence kneels one there.
Just one form—a woman kneeling! ah! we know not of her prayer;
But we think—so near seems heaven, Buddha must be near her there.

Far below the lights are burning; still she prays to Buddha-God;
Somehow, in this hillside gloaming, one seems nearer to the good.
Yes, right here in old Kyōto, to this temple perched on high,
May we come and find its quiet, in the hazy by and by.



JAPAN

Week follows week, these grow to months, and still we linger on,
Amongst these little people in this curious old Japan.
Linger the while camilias bloom, and trees are grand bouquëts,
Arching o'erhead and casting just a dreamy, pink-white haze.

So fraught with phantom beauty! soft in loveliness! ideal!
We think it but a passing scene, and nothing truly real.
E'en the little men and women seen in vistas, here and there,
Just intensify the picture—bits of color, as it were.

We wish, in garb, they longed not to be Europeanized,
Losing thereby their natural charm—leastwise, to foreign eyes.
Fancy kimonoed schoolboys, capped quite *à la militaire!*
And fancy, too, our sailor boys with hats high perched in air.

In these one has a picture droll, which seems, at least, to us,
Not only unattractive, but a wee bit ludicrous.
This country, little known abroad some fifty years ago,
And now—electric trams announce her progress not so slow.



And wait! a decade, more or less, as indications go,
She'll glean from other nations, all which other nations know.
Already she had held her own, already is in line;
Her progress seems a certainty, a question but of time.

These skillful imitators, in their quiet, Eastern way,
Will have the world's improvements at no very distant day.
Since "Progress" is their watchword, very soon they'll tell the rest
That what they think, and have, and do, is just about the best.

* * * * *

We have fully now decided that throughout this fertile land
The storks must hold conventions, and be always close at hand.
Where'er the great Mikado's sons their Emperor's emblem lifts,
This all-supplying family bird is wondrous in her gifts.

Such babies! bless their faces and their little, slanting eyes!
As thick as flowers in Summer time, or stars in Southern skies.
Should ever war encroach upon this Empire's peace and joys,
She'll find her fighting laddies in her present baby boys.

Such a host of red-cheeked cherubs! why, most all of womankind
Has a human bundle fastened quite securely on behind.
The same with little children, for the tiny sister's back
Is made, from almost babyhood, to bear a baby-pack.



It will be no meager army, but a host of fighters, when
This multitude of babies has developed into men.
Just now, a lot of bundles, here in funny old Japan;
And when, some day, a bundle-boy turns out to be a man—

Instead of being like knapsack, worn on mother's steady back,
He will carry his own soldier-pack through many a bivouac.
And now, what time, best time, to come for climate, flowers, and trees?
We answer: "Come in Springtime! stay while Autumn turns the
leaves."

The Spring brings cherry blossoms, and such wondrous wealth of
greens,
With wheat and barley ridges running up the wee ravines.
There are carpets of azalias, and yellow linseed rugs,
And clover-spreading mats around, of violet-tinted buds.

Yet, wait! a transformation scene will take on form quite soon—
This grain will, with the harvest time, for paddy fields make room.
And then these flowering clover beds—will they have second birth?
Turned, oh! so rudely over, just to fertilize the earth.

Wistaria and chrysanthemums all follow in the wake;
E'en Summer brings the lotus, so one scarce can make mistake.
Yes, we think a goodly time to come—the choicest, in the main—
Is to tarry from the Springtime till the Springtime comes again.



*“These slopes now softly verdant, and, anon,
of rocks ‘en masse’”*



RIKISHAS

Tempus fugit, and so swiftly, bidding wanderers move along;
With passing days come memories bright of happy ones now gone.
We recall the Nakasendo, covering slopes and mountain pass;
These slopes now softly verdant, and, anon, of rocks *en masse*.

We can see a train of rikishas, with coolie cavalcade;
A courteous guide is leading as these daily runs are made.
Such glorious Summer, sunshine days, whose lights too soon grow dim!
The climax, then! A phase of life we gain at mountain inn.

Perchance we dreamt of marble halls, as prone on floor we lay;
But dawn of day showed sliding walls, and chased that dream away.
Dispelled the dream, but not the joys! the morning blush of sky!
The jolly start in early hours, ere yet the dew was dry.

E'en could we bring them back once more—those Nakasendo days—
We'd lose that sense of novelty in unknown native ways.
We'd draw up to a mountain inn, and host or hostess greet,
Knowing the guest-rooms, set apart, would be quite bare, but neat.



Knowing, but Kakemono might be hung on wall—naught more!
That *table d'hôte* (?) and Orpheus-rest would be upon the floor.
It was surprise at every turn; unique experience then;
'Tis why those Nakasendo days can never come again.

But, to return to reverie, and let fond memory play;
What joys we'll know in future hours, when years have passed away.
Again we'll run the Rapids, and at Nara feed the deer—
Those soft-eyed, graceful creatures, whose safe life knows naught of
fear.

Where the Park, in quiet corner, has the charm of maiden blush,
As the tender shoots of Springtime tip and tint each mother bush;
Where azalias spray the carpet, and wistaria climbs to top
Of trees, and hangs in garlands in that perfect picture-spot.

Again let memory do her part, and vividly we'll see
That lovely stretch of beauty-land along the Inland Sea;
Full of gladness! clad so softly in luxuriant, matchless green!
How the ripple of those waters murmurs now, as in a dream.

* * * * *

Of the charm of Hiroshima, which in recollection dwells,
How beautifully "The Lady of the Decoration" tells.
Perhaps a subtle pleasure, underlying every leaf,
We gathered from its pages read upon their native heath.



*"In your little horseless carriage, you'll make
thirty miles a day"*



But oh, the gem! Miyajima! Queen of that Inland Sea!
How oft, in quiet hours, we'll turn, dear, sacred Isle, to thee.
Till recently, no children born, nor dead allowed to stay;
This last old custom still prevails e'en to this present day.

So sacred is this wooded Isle, so firm its old-time laws,
That naught polluted can remain within its sea-washed shores.
"Utsukushima!" say they there, which is, if well defined,
"Exquisite Isle"—in strongest terms known to this Eastern mind.

* * * * *

One word regarding motor power—the power of fair Japan;
We've ridden many a joyous hour behind a willing man,
In what they dignify, at times, "jinrikisha," by name;
But usage renders "rikisha" of equal use and fame.

If hills are high, or rough the roads, just double up the team!
A puller front, a pusher back, and *you*—the in-between.
And thus equipped, with morning fair, to speed you on your way,
In your little horseless carriage, you'll make thirty miles a day.

We've known them, after such a pull, to draw up for the night
At native inn, with spurt of speed, and faces just as bright
As when the early start was made, and just as willing, too,
To give, with honest pleasure, any kindly aid to you.

* * * * *



“Kamo—Gawa—Odori”—in plain English, “Cherry Dance,”
Where the little Geisha maidens cast demure and furtive glance;
Where Geishas sing (?), more Geishas play (?), and other Geishas
sway,
With their fans and tiny bodies, in their native, matchless way.

And so on—*infinitum*—one may wander on and dream
By just placing fairy pictures on our own full mental screen;
And just thinking, somewhat sadly, as so swiftly comes to mind
All these varied scenes of beauty, and we’re leaving them behind.

All behind! These courteous people, too, who meet you, bending low,
With “Oh̄yō” as a greeting; “Sayōnara” as you go.
We must breathe *our* “Sayōnara” in, alas! a few brief hours,
But will ever, in fond memory, hold fair Nippon, “Land of Flowers.”

KOREA

What can one say? One fain would speak in joyous, glowing terms;
New faces we are wont to meet; new scenes where'er one turns.
Novel! but words fall not in praise—fall chill and silently;
Unmoved, we wait till coming days unfold what charms there be.



"This white-robed, tall Korean"



Cold falls the eye on barren hills; we think how strange the fate
Which clothes with glorious foliage all the hills across the strait.
Is it the shock of contrast great which forces one to own—
We love yon land of blossoms sweet, more than this arid zone?

We've crossed the famed Korean Straits, historic through late war,
Where Admiral Togo's forces clashed with navy of the Czar.
When arms of two great nations brandished death on sea and land,
With here, at close of battle, Admiral Togo in command.

We have come into Korea through the harbor of Fusan,
Where a ghostly looking outfit is the costume for a man.
Proud! and with haughty indolence, his bearing; yet 'tis said,
The man has small incentive to toil much for more than bread—

Since collector of the taxes pays a not infrequent call,
Keeping eye on all surroundings, and *collecting* nearly all.
Thus, well-to-do and poor man keep their shekels well concealed,
So that Shylock, as official, finds but meager part revealed.

Pompous, indeed! assertive! in appearance he is that,
This white-robed, tall Korean, 'neath a thin, black, chimney hat!
And prone to native indolence, as naturally as flowers
Unfold their scented petals 'neath the summer suns and showers.



Most curious custom still prevails among these sons of rest,
Permitting friend or relative, with worldly goods more blest,
To share with them—these “Sonners,” as they term the idlers here—
And thus support this gentry of such fine and pompous air.

Somehow these groups all shrouded, in a ghostly sort of way,
Recall to mind the old idea of Resurrection Day;
Then we liken them to penguins, as in friendly groups they stand;
In walk and bearing, grand moguls! all owners of the land.

While we—we whisper! just one night would take us back again
To flowers and beauties manifold, in lovely old Japan.
We’re just akin to homesick as we cast our eyes around,
And think of fair Miyajima, but *see* this sterile ground,

And little mushroom houses, bunched together, roofed with straw;
Both comfortless and barren, with a ground mat on the floor;
Whence Korean women issue forth in common uniform—
A cloak of green, with flowing sleeves, their hidden charms adorn.

In this, so well enveloped, covering all unseen defects,
Mayhap a beauty (?) no one knows—a chance, no one suspects.
One fact dawns fast on female mind: since old Korean ways
Have settled color to be worn, *she* knows no shopping days.



No matching, measuring, bargain hunt, no thought of what to wear!
For all the while, one outdoor style of green, from year to year.
Another thought, the hour propounds, touching on children's plays,
And how Dame Nature, in her rounds, adheres to good old ways.

* * * * *

How unlike and how *like* their games, around this mundane sphere!
A curious bond of unity the little people share.
A world-around telepathy is what we surely find,
As if the little ones expressed one universal mind.

Thus, "Ring-around-a-Rosy," and alike, familiar games,
One finds in old Korea, or out on Western plains.
So are they linked, these little ones; and thus, where Nature sways,
Her workings much akin we find in childhood and its plays.

We thought ourselves most favored, having chanced upon a day
When the Seoul population strode abroad in fine array.
The ghostly looking fathers, the mothers clad in green,
With the children's brilliant colorings, made a truly Eastern scene.

'Twas "Children's Day"! for us, well-timed! the schools were out in
force!
Ten thousand, old and young, combined to see them at their sports.
Vaulting and races filled the hours, with curious game of ball;
To every winner prize is given—much prized, although but small.



A pencil, pen, or paper pad, but clapping hands attest
The grand, good outing all have had, when Fête Day sinks to rest.
'Tis not the big things in our lives yield joys in major part;
The smallest gift brings sunshine, with contentment in the heart.

As protectorate, the little Japs have come, it seems, to stay;
It also seems, they're helping in a most substantial way
To bring about improvements, for changes great have come
Since last we looked upon this scene, five telling years agone.

Now foreigners live comfortably; on hillsides all around
One catches sight of pretty homes within a green compound.
Electric cars! Electric lights illume both fair and foul;
Thus moves the wheel of progress in this old walled city, Seoul.

MANCHURIA

From Chemulpo on to Dalny; just an easy, two-night sail
On sunlit waters, well becalmed, 'neath moon with silvered veil.
This seaport of Manchuria offers pleasant, great surprise
As to good hotel and comforts, both—and all—beyond surmise.



Large, brick and stone, fine structures, and boulevards well planned;
By Russians built, and left when forced to abdicate the land.
Their square, cold style—distinctive! stanch and ponderous—one
might say,
Suggestive of their builders; and these builders—where are they?

The Japs have their own Quarter; the Chinese theirs, as well;
We'll hasten through the latter, scarcely taking time to tell
Of ill-fed dogs and squalor, and braids dangling down the backs
Of men that know not water, and feast well on dainty rats.

Their mode—acquiring English—a bold and brilliant stroke!
One sees it on the signboards as it really here is "*speakē*."
One learns upon the menu of "*purée de spirit peas*";
And, wandering down the street, one sees astounding signs like these:

Alluring "*Meat to sell shop*," with Chinamen within;
Thrifty "*Tailor and to make cap*"—the proprietor, "Ah Sin."
Thus, circling this old Babel-world, from Bunker Hill to Sphinx,
The English-speaking chain, unrolled, shows broader, stronger links.

* * * * *

We chanced upon another day when child life claimed the hour,
And here again one has result of Japanese in power.
'Tis thus, one haply finds it, where the Rising Sun flag rules,
A keen and large attendance in their well-established schools.



Their running games proved novel sight, with girls and boys apart;
Each at a given signal made their individual start,
Except when two together—two girls, one dumb, one blind;
The bandaged-eyed one in the lead, the bandaged-mouthed, behind.

This led to complications, as with sight and courage gone,
The blind, but halfway willing that the dumb should lead her on.
Most laughable their antics in vain effort to be bold;
A goodly illustration of an adage known of old.

The boys, though rather fleet of foot, showed soon in sorry plight;
The game—things dropped while running, gathered later while in flight;
A pair of trousers, cap, and bag, and slate to put therein;
And all to be *adjusted* ere was any chance to win.

The race, we found, was otherwise, as world-wide races are;
The first boy in, the winner, and the momentary star.
Twelve hundred children there at play, all Japs! which augured well
For aliens, in surroundings new, thus happily to dwell.

On new-gained soil they dwell, 'tis true! we know the price they paid;
We know how Japs and Russians fought, and early graves were made;
We know how shot and shell fell fast on hills, just near at hand;
How tens of thousands filled the ranks, to fight for alien land.



The air seems full of groanings, as the museum full of wrecks
Of guns, and wire entanglements, and wretched war effects;
The very hills are awesome, linked with horrors that one feels;
A phantom sound of thunderous clash upon our senses steals.

Such sad, such wretched story! which repeats itself in war,
With respect paid to the ashes when the fighting days are o'er.
And now this shore, indented with many a turquoise bay,
We'll follow round for—say about, some forty miles away;

And come upon Port Arthur, and colossal, filled-up grave,
Where, by the thousands, Russians lie—'mid hills they fought to save;
They're making ready at this hour, by conquering leaders led,
For Requiem—Russo-Japanese—o'er conquered Russian dead.

We'll stand on hill called "Monument," uplifted in two peaks,
Commanding outstretched harbor view and "Tiger's Tail," which
creeps
Straight down to water's edge, and coils around on harbor side;
While yonder hill, called "Golden," frowns its guns on waters wide.

This hill is to commemorate, in captured bronze and stone,
The day of contest over, and their blood-stained victory won.
Beneath its base lie ashes of the scores of Russians slain;
Of those builders and their comrades, just these crumbling bones
remain.



On second peak, a temple, built on simplest Shintō plans;
As *vis-à-vis*, the two peaks rise; and this, as that, commands
The neighboring hills and harbor, while here, good spirits blest,
Guard ashes in the tomb below of Japanese at rest.

We wonder if the sunshine bright, which wraps these hills today,
Shone down with pity on the braves who fought their lives away.
We think upon the battle fierce, which glowered in fiery red,
And paled, as evening shadows fell, on dying and on dead.

Or did it seek, in cloudburst, to veil its glories o'er?
As if to say, "No sunshine knoweth place in wretched war."
"Wrecked homes, enfeebled manhood, feed the wake of cannon roar;
Widowed hearts and childhood orphaned! Sunshine knows *no* place in
war."

Oh, let us look but seaward! to this morgue we'll close our eyes!
These barbarous acts of man with man—why call them civilized?
And turning from Port Arthur, with our hearts so stirred and sore,
We ask the mighty God of Peace to give it evermore!

God grant we never, never know
The horrors of a war.



YING KOW

Our train is jogging slowly through a Jersey-looking soil ;
The Chinese in the millet fields, these blue-clad sons of toil.
A broad, flat belt of country, sleeping in between the hills,
Sleeping soundly at the moment, just athirst for trickling rills.

All parched, and waiting for the rains soon coming, it is said,
Yet even now, the millet, in wee patches, peeps its head.
And though Manchuria's trees are sparse, so few and far between,
A tiny grove of oil trees breaks in sometimes on the scene.

It fails to be attractive—every mile so like the rest ;
Stations there are, but little more ; the village seems *non est*.
Yet by and by, when cloudbed bursts, and millet crops are seen,
The eye will find more restful this whole valley, clothed in green.

The one alluring aspect now, as stations come in view,
Is the masses bagged in indigo—the one prevailing hue.
This but refers to coolie class, not those of ample means—
The swarming, gliding, blue-bag mass—the toilers of the fields.



Our start was made in early morn, since trains make little speed;
Long, endless waits at stations seem to fill a Chinese need.
Our point of destination, plus six hundred miles away,
We'll reach unless the road decides to keep a holiday.

Thus pegging on, and stopping—we can really scarce tell how—
We found ourselves alighting at a station called Ying Kow.
We thought it dire, most direful! post mortems near at hand!
Sad horses looked as though they'd die before they left the stand.

And the coaches! just what force it was that kept them quite intact,
Unless the force of circumstance; none other there, in fact!
They might have done good service to the family of the Ark!
Far worse than former cabs brought out in Naples—after dark.

When we think that picture over, it will be with inward groans
For those poor Manchuria horses, fairly standing in their bones.
And the *cocher*—showing fast days—and the nondescript old reins,
All looked as though they'd lived and pulled through endless, bygone
strains.

We know we grasped the dashboard in a sort of wild despair!
Lest in spilling out, and mixing up, we perish then and there.
Ying Kow! and still Manchuria! yet this is what we find
When we cross the Liao River—we leave not the Japs behind.



They're here in goodly evidence! they're running this hotel!
We're sleeping on the floor, 'tis true; but, somewhat strange to tell,
'Tis nothing, when necessity presents no other means,
Or when custom points to floor as proper place to seek one's dreams.

And, in truth, their little houses have a winsome charm their own!
Where a Kakemono picture and a touch of flowers give tone;
And if more extended quarters one should seek, one simply may,
With a momentary "Presto, change!" slide all one's walls away.

In the morn, the bedding folded and placed snugly out of sight,
There's little in the room by day, and little more by night.
Such placid times for housewives, custom yields in fair Japan!
What years vexatious we'd avoid by following up their plan.

SHAN-HAI-KWAN

Another day with iron horse, and Shan-hai-kwan we reach;
A fair-sized, walled-in city, two miles inland from the beach.
We stand on ground historic, where great hordes once trod their way;
They came! they went! as we do now, but in that far-away.



So far agone! so like a myth, the time these hordes moved on;
Our human minds grasp but the fact—long gone! 'twas time long
gone!

We're borne so strangely backward! as if this stirring world
Had been, by silent mandate, back to long-gone centuries hurled.

And thus we bridge the ages! we are living in that Past!
Our days of rush are, for the hour, completely overcast.
We face a solid pile of brick, laid on by human hands;
Hands long since crumbled into dust, but here their Old Wall stands.

How, for centuries, they've listened—these old bricks—to tread and
call;
And now to ours they listen! and we bow to China's wall.
Up rocky steep we follow it, to almost mountain crest,
And choose a former lookout tower as noon-day place of rest.

* * * * *

When last we saw this old defense, 'twas distant—miles from here!
As all across the Empire will this stanch old friend appear.
To guard from vast invading foes, it rose in ancient time;
For then, a piece of strong defense; for now, like unrolled twine.

A two days' easy going, starting out from old Peking,
Before the days when steam and rail and speed (?) were ushered in.
Out from that ancient Anting Gate, and strange, incessant din;
Out where far-stretching country offered space, and roads therein.



"As long caravans passed by"



Not altogether perfect (?). No! but 'neath an azure sky,
We'd pause oftentimes by wayside, as long caravans passed by.
The herdsmen oft in sheepskin, like to Bible men of old;
Their camels laden with strange stuffs to be exchanged or sold.

And sheep—great flocks of woolly sheep—we passed upon the way;
All speeding on, so joyously, as though a festive day.
And now, it seems the softened tread of camel we can hear!
And the sheep—so unsuspecting as to going, and to where!

Nothing more that road afforded! it was ours while sunlight glowed;
And as shades of evening lowered, native inn proved our abode.
Native room, with *kang* for resting, four abreast, in native style;
Outside, braying friends attesting we had neighbors all the while.

Ah! but sleep came without measure, though the couch was not of
down;
We had breathed the air of pleasure, and our *kang*, though built of
stone,
Seemed of roseleaves without number! and the moonlight, streaming in,
Found us bathed in restful slumber, fit for start when morn began.

* * * * *

So it goes! so ends our dreaming! and we waken to this hour!
That was but a bygone seeming. Now we look on yonder tower,
And the Old Wall here before us, with its sense of loneliness!
'Tis no dreaming! 'tis no seeming! but some day we'll dream of this.



Che Hwang-te's Wall, that, wandering down, goes straightway out to sea!

Nor ever ceased its wanderings since two hundred years B. C.!

How the ages keep on rolling, as we linger by this pile!

No sound of voice or footprint! just deep silence all the while.

Just sky above, a patch of green, and off—away—the sea;

And these old bricks! could they but tell some old-time mystery!

'Tis weird, the spell that holds us and surrounds us, like a pall!

And, going, just one word we breathe—"Amen" to China's Wall.

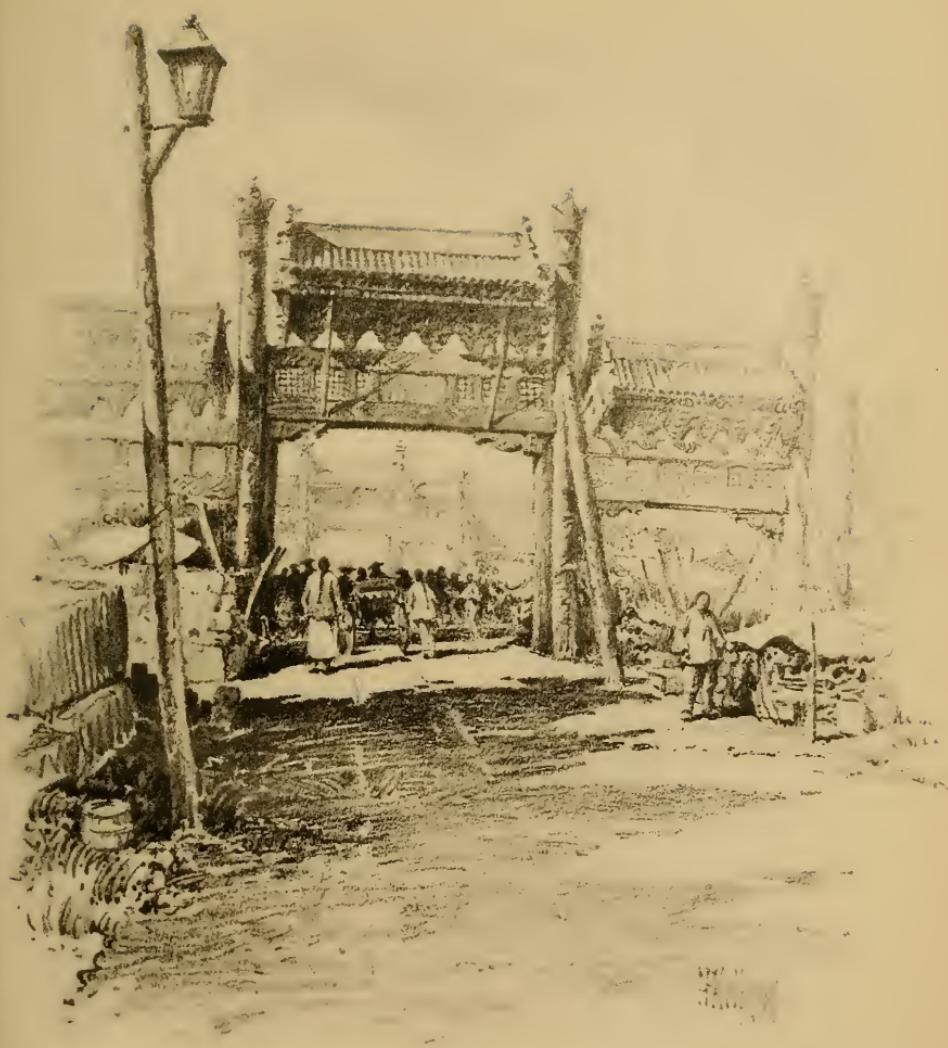
PEKING

Here in Peking, the Capital! through much improved Tientsin;
We pause to think how great the charm that comes with change of
scene.

Surpassing all, the virgin trip, when one is all athirst
For pictures new; and these endure because they *are* the first.

Then later comes a duplex charm, should one renew old scenes;
Sometimes one finds the years have slept, and dreamed but tranquil
dreams;

Sometimes, as here, old Father Time, for ages most serene,
Is showing semi-wakeful signs, in drowsy old Peking.



“Where stands Peking, a city stood three thousand years ago”



Thus, here we note with pleasure all the changes Time has brought;
The very marked improvements that the past five years have wrought.
The country, too, through which we came impressed us as less sear;
New millet wraps the mounds a bit—these graves, so lone and drear.

One feels a sense of passing through a graveyard without end;
Yet the living, fresh, green willows quite a springlike beauty lend.
'Tis change, perhaps, from barrenness, in which for days we've been,
More telling makes the contrast, and the green the greener seem.

'Tis true, our recollections past, revive an old Peking—
Atrocious roads, and squalor, and an endless, howling din;
Coolies, whose voices rent the air with shrieks and "chow-chow"
 sounds;
Hotels by no means models, and streets like upturned mounds.

Now broad ways, well macadamized; kept cleanly; work well done;
Perhaps a good example to some cities we call home.
Compared with ours, their mode of life small correspondence finds;
We wonder if they've changed it much since pre-historic times.

Those far-off days, so hard to grasp, like phantoms come and go;
Where stands Peking, a city stood three thousand years ago!
Contented, peaceful people, these, the burden of whose song
Has always been—"Move on, Sir, please! but leave *our* world alone."



Content to live in quiet, taking easy-going course;
Thus handsome tombs and monuments go on from bad to worse.
Either no means to make repair, no national respect,
No pride, it seems, in country; else, just *why* this sad neglect?

Their sacred temples not exempt; e'en one, three times a year,
Where Emperor and his retinue in gorgeous pomp appear.
Place of sacrificial worship! ceremonious array!
“Temple of Heaven,” though it is, goes slowly to decay.

The Lama, in his yellow gown, begs daily on, and lives
Content to have his bowl receive whate'er the kind heart gives.
He, too, is easy-going, if such living can be ease!
'Tis true, it takes but little both to satisfy and please.

* * * * *

'Twould seem, all uninvited, other nations forced their way;
Now each, in fine Legation, meets all other Powers today—
Ensconced within their high-walled grounds, a compound of their own;
Suggestive both of comfort and an atmosphere of home.

Outside, no threatenings rend the air; good will and quiet reign;
By peace chain linked, whose links, we trust, may ne'er know break
again.
Of Boxer raid, few scars remain to mark its trail; and yet,
Above a bit of battered wall, we note, “Lest we forget.”



The rest of that Legation wall stands now in good repair,
Save this small piece, so rent with holes—a silent witness there
Of tales of nineteen hundred, and the summer of that year,
When all foreigners took refuge, in their helplessness and fear—

Within those same Legation grounds, escape from deadly strife,
Till outside aid restored to them a peace and hold on life.
Like page from Cawnpore annals, and a tablet planted there,
Which tells how hideous massacre made end of wild despair.

Thus these—the Boxer victims—are not likely to neglect
Their safeguards in the future; is not one, “Lest we forget”?
Would we might blot these histories out! such black and hideous sheets!
Alas! Perhaps ‘tis said with truth, “History itself repeats.”

* * * * *

We chanced upon impressive scene when, on enclosure wall,
A military *cortège*—priests and acolytes withal.

We saw the troops of nations march with measured, solemn tread,
And heard the dirge-like anthem played andante for the dead.

We saw the German colors wrapped around that somber bier;
And thought—how came, from vineyard home so far removed from
here,
Some mother’s son. And as they laid the body down to rest,
We watched each comrade drop a clod of earth upon the breast;



Then gazed as band retreated, with a lively, quick refrain,
In brisk march back to barracks, to take up life's round again.
Some mother's son—aged twenty-nine! We knew, with clasp of hand,
He breathed a fond "*Auf Wiedersehen*" to her and Fatherland.

We knew her heart was aching in its yearning to be here,
And we know our mother-instinct made let fall a mother's tear.
Like "*Soldier of the Legion*," who "*lay dying in Algiers*,"
There was lack of home environment, a dearth of woman's tears.

* * * * *

But lost are we in reverie! all this is of today—
The *cortège*, and the music, and the crowd that moved away;
Then back we roll the veil of years which always is half-drawn,
And give a moment to the charm of pictures long-time gone.

We call to mind the journeying to the great Tombs of the Kings;
And, farther on, to Chinese wall. Ah, what that reverie brings!
What days of interest intense! and nights in native inn!
The means of transit? Peking cart, or horse, or palanquin.

This last, made very comfortable with bedding placed therein;
One mule before, and one behind, and you the in-between;
Your coolie always close at hand, to guide your motor-power;
And thus, with book companion, travel ceased at sunset hour.



"And, farther on, to Chinese wall"



Then supper, and a tempting one! One's *chef* brings fine supply;
Most helpful, needed factor, this on whom one must rely.
For cook and food were carried, with ourselves—a motley train—
From Anting Gate and back—save food—to old Peking again.

Gone now these curious wanderings, when villages were passed;
When seen was old-time winnowing, and night shade fell too fast.
And when, at close, we laid ourselves on, ofttimes, straw to rest—
A bundle each! and yearning sleep—we thought it downy nest.

All rooms there opened on a court. Without, our donkeys lay;
And we within, with doors widespread, heard oft melodious bray.
Now, change galore! one takes the train; thirty-odd miles one rides;
Then ends the run in rikishas, and fair hotel, besides.

Yes, China is awakening! Peking is now no more
The old, neglected city that we knew in days of yore.
And since the government approves the erection of good schools,
To call Peking Celestial may come in with good Home Rules.

We wonder if to reach yon wall, with all these modern ways,
Brings quite the genuine pleasure that we knew in bygone days?
Be that as may be, change has come for good; but *entre nous!*
We're glad to have seen old China ere the old gave way to new.



THE YANGTSZE

Again on railway train we speed, with Western hills in sight;
For hours we watch their colorings softly changing on our right.
Through dusty day, through dusty night, o'er lands like Western plain;
Through country, though well tilled, alas! lay brown from dearth of
rain.

Farther, still farther south, till back stretched seven hundred miles;
Rice paddies showed their grain intact, and poppies—siren wiles!
Gay, fascinating fields, these last! rose-pink and white, but then!
We knew their beauty, at the close, would feed some opium den.

Thus moving on, Hankow is reached, where Russians trade in tea;
Where steel works, on extensive scale, give air of industry.
And here we change our railway for the balmy Yangtsze—
A stream of loveliest windings and delightful memory.

Where dancing, fickle sunbeams kissed the lorcha on her way,
And gathering shades so haply wrapped her sails at close of day;
Where slopes so green seemed velvet, in their softness and their hues;
Where, with windings of the river, came a constant change of views.



Where these sunbeams chased grey shadows over near-by hills in play,
Creeping in corners half concealed to steal the dark away;
And though all gone, both lights and shades, kind memory bids us halt;
She brings them back—these shadows, by the stealing sunbeams caught.

She brings them back; the riverside, the reeds, oft swaying high,
Which whisper, “Old friends, we, and tried; we native huts supply.”
Aye, bring them back! dear pleasure days! We fain would see again
Those rounded, silent temples grouped, which stand for prayers of men.

Those little, hilltop temples, which always seemed to say:
“We’re here to breathe a prayer of thanks for each succeeding day.”
“We’re here as votive offerings; in our silence greet the morn,
And breathe a benediction as you mortals drift along.”

* * * * *

One bolder, and more picturesque, stands high on rocky bed;
In midstream, this, a thing apart; “an orphan,” it is said.
Orphan, perchance, but not alone, since scores of lazy craft
Ply hither, ever gliding by with stunted fore and aft.

With every moment drifting, boatmen and boats anon;
Drifting and drawing hither; silently moving yon.
Was ever rest more restful? Worries laid far aside;
Drifting adown life’s stream, it seemed, on a sun-warmed, easy tide.



And over all, this temple lone, in steady, changeless mien,
And quiet, votive dignity, seemed guardsman of the stream;
Guarding, as broad-built lorcas ever slowly move along;
And, lost in thought, we wonder—what their time to port, how long?

We're told this stumpy little craft held sway in days remote;
The only traffic-bearer was this big-eyed, square-built boat.
Always with big, all-seeing eye, whose steadfast, changeless gaze
Defends from dangers mortal, or the gods of evil ways.

With ends turned up abruptly, both at stern and broad-faced bow;
A curious, cut-off looking craft, we're always questioning how
Such flat and very broad-bowed boats—so lumbering they seem—
Can, with their square-rigged, huge mat sails, propel and cut the stream.

* * * * *

Perhaps no small attraction of that two days' charming run
Is the river life along its shore, the native in his home;
The villages there clustered, and the landings that are made;
The bargainings, and the purchases, through frequent village raid.

)
How these various village visits lure the stranger to explore!
Returning always to the boat with just one trifle more.
From Kiukiang, a something, made in silver where 'tis wrought,
And sold by weight; hence without fear one's treasures may be bought.



And though we oftentimes question where to stow these souvenirs,
Their gathering, and possession, is a joy for coming years;
For each will tell its story, and recall some happy scene,
Like pictures of a face we love, thrown, lifelike, on a screen.

Then let us gather as we may, nor scorn a goodly store;
Make long the chain which links today with days that are no more.
And when, asleep, our coming years and memory links are stirred,
We'll bid them back—gone, winsome hours, 'mid old-time treasures
stored.

We'll hear the ripple of the stream, well warmed by Eastern sun;
We'll catch the sleepy dip of oar when well-nigh day is done;
We'll catch the low-toned rhythm of that river's busy life.
With steamers large, and sampans small, the Yangtsze is rife.

Cargoes of stuffs a-gliding by, as if old Father Time
Had quite retired from office in this old Celestial clime.
Our own good ship was laden, we thought, with rice supply,
Enough to feed Celestials till the farthest by and by.

In same good ship—the *Ngankin*, Captain Newcomb in command—
'Neath azure skies, what needs arise? What more could one demand?
Delightful host! a worthy craft! and restful Yangtsze;
But, reaching Shanghai bustle, river life must cease to be.



We hold the pictures of the past safe, where they'll ne'er take wing ;
But of the future, who can tell ? Who knows what years may bring ?
We'll ask the Wandering Fates for us, our life craft guide once more ;
And, turning, bow to Eastward ; in these waters dip an oar.

SHANGHAI

Shanghai, the great metropolis ! the London of the East !
Has, perhaps, in general bearing, of foreign air the least.
It seems "good-by" to Orient, and like a touch of home,
To reach this modern city, with its London-New York tone.

Large, handsome buildings line the Bund—a well-paved, generous
street ;

A promenade for *tout le monde*, where varied peoples meet,
And speak their own, their native tongue ; yet, mingling with them
there,

We strongly feel ourselves "at home" ; we breathe less foreign air

Than in the kindred cities all along this far-East coast ;
Shanghai, the cosmopolitan, has comely charms to boast ;
Has a modern, built-up quarter, where are most attractive homes ;
And the road that leads us thither, and still on, to polo grounds,



Bears a name most aptly chosen, as, in very truth, they tell—
“Bubbling Well Road” derived its name from wayside, bubbling well.
By roadway still it resteth, like a stranded thing, alone;
Helpless, and helping not, it stands, of old-time glory shorn.

Then let us wander where we'll find Shanghai within the walls;
Where streets are narrow, echoing back a din of Chinese calls;
Where sister city, old Canton, comes vividly to thought,
Whose noises rise and multiply in heterogeneous sort.

Then, farther on, we'll find the French have quarter of their own;
The English, in their settlement, preserving English tone—
That tone of genuine comfort, like a reflex of our own;
And here, perhaps, we find ourselves yet nearer to “the home.”

A closer understanding of the likes and hopes within;
Yet the wanderer o'er earth's surface finds, in part, the world akin.
Like and unlike we find them, all the peoples of the earth;
'Tis passing strange, the sameness, where humanity has birth.

But let us wander yet afield, on more extended tour;
These various Concessions lure the traveler to explore.
The Cantonese, transplanted, have their quarter set apart;
Each in his own, and all make up this bustling Treaty Port.



HONGKONG

Three days of glorious coasting 'mid a fringe of islands green;
'Twas scarce like being out at sea, such ever shifting scene.
Then, threading on through Lymoon Pass, we slowly steam straightway
Within a port whose outstretched arms bid welcome every day

To ships of nations far and near; junks, steamers, men of war,
Take refuge, glad from open sea to find a friendly shore.
A motley, mingling company! A world-wide, floating craft!
Our colors now are at the bow, and China's flag abaft.

Great mat-sails, spread on Chinese junks, move slowly to and fro;
Laden, and bound for ports to which no foreign ship can go.
To insure a prosperous voyage, and sea deities to please,
Joss papers are thrown out *en masse*, their anger to appease.

In every sampan, junk, or ship, of any steamship line,
Where Chinese are in evidence, there Joss-God has a shrine.
'Tis thus in house, oftentimes in shops, their Joss is full in sight;
He guards the fortunes of the day, the safety of the night.

* * * * *



How, in story-telling circles, one is followed by a score;
“Oh, that reminds me,” one remarks, and adds a story more.
This one, at hand, so truly shows how superstition ruled
That branch in which, to such extent, the Chinese mind is schooled.

It chanced our ship had previously encountered mighty storm;
E'en Joss had failed to oil the waves or quell intense alarm.
High rolled the seas o'er upper deck; low plunged her bow in foam;
What cared their Joss? E'en fears of wreck ne'er lured him from his
throne.

“Old Joss no good,” Celestials said, in quarters all their own;
“We just take throw him overboard!” “His work he no good done!”
“But new Joss good! he all-right Joss!” “We keep light burn all day,
And night, too; ‘cause we know as how he keep all devils away.”

’Twas true! all true! as, later, our good captain gave his word,
To verify the statement of how Joss, their household god,
From lack of power to quell that storm, and from its terrors save,
Was forced to ignominious death, and perished ’neath the wave.

But, hold! we've wandered far afield! already, off on shore,
Our comrades seek attractions that the city holds in store.
And we, too, stepping landward, note allurements we would seek:
The water front, the inland shops, and, what is best—the Peak.



'Tis Hongkong! southern gateway to the greatest Empire known,
And where, since eighteen forty-one, the Union Jack has flown;
Where flora, semi-tropical, in wealth of beauty grows,
And lavishly, o'er terraced heights, sweet flower-fed, soft wind blows;

Save in the heat of summer time, when, strictly *entre nous*,
Let Hongkong not allure you there, lest direful days ensue.
Humidity most baneful holds an undivided sway;
You'll greet with joy the first good ship to bear you on your way.

Rich, flower-grown, green Concession! Once one of the Ladrones!
Thou'rt like a brilliant emerald, set around with smaller stones.
For islands soft, and islands green, allegiance to thee own;
And subjects to their emerald queen, group round her sea-girt throne.

We'll watch the glowing sunset, as it slips away to rest,
And, sinking, leaves a shower of gold in yonder glorious West.
We catch the sound of bugle, and the "rat-tat-tat" of drum;
'Tis the soldier boy a-telling how the evening has begun.

Sunset and evening on the Peak, as all the stars come out!
A depth of dome above us, and sweet Nature round about!
We simply gaze and, silently, gaze on. We're loth to go
To where those lesser, lower lights are twinkling down below;



Where boat-life lives beneath us; where city calls begin;
Where mingled coolie voices fill the air with chattering din.
We love this quiet, starlit Peak! the stars so strangely near;
We're more in touch with far-off worlds, so small our little sphere.

Here from these paths and hilltop, looking out o'er stretch of waves,
We see the thread of river over which, in coming days,
We'll make our way to old Canton, and, likewise, to Macao;
We'll see old China move along, as in her past; but now,

Here on the Peak we'll linger yet awhile, and watch the glow,
As, fading and still fading, e'en the last pale colorings go;
While stars, the small and major ones, fill silently yon space;
Each in its own bright setting, in the God-appointed place.

CANTON AND MACAO

In order to see China, one must visit old Canton,
With its narrow, winding, noisy streets, in which the humans throng.
Just teeming with humanity! a bee-hive sort of place,
Where all the bees seem centered—of the genus human race.



A throbbing, droll conglomerate of noisy, bustling life;
All bent on some vocation! hard on drones amid that strife!
No passing through, apparently—so full this human hive;
The streets but narrow openings, and the bees so much alive.

So clogged with various merchandise of whatsoe'er you like;
Yet their chaos is but order, of a purely Chinese type.
The cobblers have their line of space; the tailors have their own;
The merchants selling jade, and such—that choice and grey-green
stone.

These have their sections quite apart, yet close as ocean's sands;
'Tis thus one finds whole streets of things—from furniture to fans.
One finds them—yes, 'mid bustle! and 'mid fearful rushing on!
What, indeed, is New York hustle when compared with old Canton?

We see slight change apparent, that the past few years have made;
And yet we're told that progress has foundation firmly laid.
A native school established, with six hundred on the roll;
These, going forth as teachers, means *some* leavening of the whole.

The rails for faster travel show their steel, outspreading lines;
In quiet, yet in telling ways, it means progressive times.
The days of China's lethargy seem slowly giving o'er;
With the century's awakening, will she waken more and more?



One steps across the water—a canal, whose bosom heaves
With various junks and sampans, thick as fallen autumn leaves.
Each boat, alive with human-kind; one family or more;
Some children born, live, die, as well, and never know the shore,

Save as they see it from the boat—their little sampan home;
These precincts small to nothingness, to one not native born.
Yet there humanity exists! 'Tis well-nigh past believing
That thus compactly lives a life we call a human being.

On one side stretches old Canton, while just across the stream—
This narrow strip of water, and a bridge which intervene—
Are branches shading water line, and children on the green;
An oasis in the desert! and we know it as Shameen.

For to England, France, America, have concessions here been given;
There, 'tis the noise of Hades! over here, the peace of Heaven.
And here we lingered for a while, Macao still unseen—
That Portuguese possession, and well-nigh an island queen.

For though a true peninsula, the narrow neck of land
Is slight, indeed, which links her with the soil across the strand.
Her soft winds kiss the stranger into dream-like, calm repose;
Her gardens, rich in beauty, blossom fragrant as the rose.



Most picturesque, this gambling belle, surrounded by her forts;
These old, almost, as are the hills, and worthless as retorts.
Yet cannon frown upon us—grim and deadly, black with age;
And the sentry, in his paces, looks as wise as any sage.

Strange the peace throughout Macao, and the quiet, like a pall;
The very air stirs listlessly, as evening shadows fall.
Then, as lower lights are burning, and the stars come, one by one,
We note, albeit in quietness, the fan-tan game goes on.

They play without excitement, but they play, they always play!
Macao's business is Fan-tan! Fan-tan, both night and day.
But Time—old, constant Father Time—whose friendship knows no
end;
Whose whisperings drop like rhythmic rhyme; “come weal, come
woe,” thy friend;

He tells of seas and scenes beyond, to which we go in quest,
And leave, in twilight calm, the Monte Carlo of the East.
“Gem of the Orient,” one hath said, and we, too, find thee fair;
Wrapped well in subtle quiet, and a flora rich and rare.

But in the going, let us tell the tale told us in faith;
The story of their Dragon-God, and how he came to earth.
’Tis here we heard the story, as we grouped, a friendly few;
We heard it in the gloaming, as we tell it now to you.



We listened all intently to the tale told of that god,
To credit which one must accept assertion bold and broad.
We think of childhood's fairy tales—how, "Once upon a time";
And, picking up these bygone threads, we, too, in jingling rhyme,

Say, "Once upon a time" to you, a matron purchased eggs;
Instead of hatching feathery chicks, propelling on two legs,
What was the woman's great surprise, when one, the last of four,
Refused to use its pedestals, but wriggled on the floor!

THE DRAGON

It grew, and grew, in serpent form, of huge, gigantic size;
Till finally, to dragon grown, with monstrous, flaming eyes,
It seemed a curious pet, indeed, for womankind to love;
But, foster-mother that she was, both day and night she strove

To give it unremitting care, thinking to have it stay;
What then, again, was her surprise, at close of summer day,
To find him not! In other words, he'd hied himself away!
He'd gone, they said, to heaven, in a purely heathen way.



It happened that, in years to come, a famine scourged that land;
They said the gods were angry, and were sending forth command
For a general starvation, which all Celestials feared;
When, lo! the vanished dragon to his foster-friend appeared.

The kindness shown to him in need, in juvenile days gone by,
Was jotted fast in memory; back he came to gratify
A wish that she might mention, be it great or be it small;
He would see that it was answered. She had but on him to call.

Then, kindly woman that she was, thought not of self alone;
So great had grown the suffering near the precincts of her home,
She asked that she might offer aid, and wretchedness allay;
And with this good wish granted, dragon-like he slipped away.

Time moved apace, and claimed ere long this dear, good, friendly
dame;
She was gathered to her fathers—perhaps mothers, all the same.
There was weeping sad, and wailing, and prayer-papers spread galore;
For neighboring folk had fears that Dragon-God would come no more.

With benefactress gone, was said, what need for him to stray
From Paradise, to take a turn along their earthly way?
This thought was most distressing, as, of course, a famine great
Might come again, and find them in a dire, unaided state.



How, then, to lure him back again, among this mundane band?
Why, build him temples! And they did, throughout the entire land.
His effigy is yearly borne in glittering array,
And the foster-mother's little mound is worshipped to this day.

GOOD-BY TO CHINA

Whate'er may be one's pleasure, or ideal the hours we spend,
They have always a beginning, and they likewise have an end.
Thus here along the Eastern seas, these days of dulcet morn
And sunsets soft—ah! every breeze sighs, "One more joy-day gone."

Yes, here at blissful eventide, as calm and color blend,
It murmurs, "Hold them as you may, they're creeping toward the end."
Toward the end in Southern China! happy days are on the wane;
The coming morn will end them, till time brings us back again.

We'll come not with the summer suns, when moisture fills the air;
'Tis best to seek a cooler clime. We'll seek it now—elsewhere.
But, ere we go, one little word, a tribute we would give
To the millions upon millions who throughout this Empire live.



Good-natured folk! so willing! and so seemingly content!
Whole families here could live their lives on what, with us, is spent
In but a trifling space of time; their needs seem but a jest—
Some rice, some fish, some scanty clothes, “good nature sauce” the rest.

Then, when we think for bowl of rice a ha’penny they pay,
We see how could the masses live on, say, twelve cents a day.
But time is up! Our ship sets sail, and slowly steams along,
Out from the shadow of the Peak and harbor of Hongkong.

* * * * *

We make a call for cargo at Formosa’s tea-grown isle,
And where, while shipping goods on board, we go on shore the while.
Good camphor-yielding, coal-supplying, tea-producing land!
The Japs safe hold thee near their heel, as well as in the hand.

Then on we steam for Shanghai, with our one thought now—the North!
We make exchange of human freight; some taken on, some off.
Some bales of silk are shipped on board, and tea! no end of tea!
A few more hundred boxes, ere again we put to sea.

Our next port, Nagasaki, where some coaling must be done;
Two thousand tons are shipped on board, the while we take a run
By launch across the harbor, spending joyous hours on shore;
Some tortoise shell is purchased, and a ride, ten miles or more,



To a little fishing village, with a "tea house" at the end;
Through one of Nature's loveliest haunts, where greens and hill slopes
blend
To make ideal picture! Here the road, with gentle turn,
Is overgrown with maple or with softest, feathery fern.

We fancy "Cio-Cio-San" in vale so like this bower,
And she, amid such verdure, her own self the fairest flower.
The soft leaves sway and flutter, and we think we catch her song,
As she listens for the footsteps loved, that came not with the dawn.

Aye! Over all, the tall bamboo, in graceful, easy sway,
Its soft, long leaves of feather weight like fairy fingers play.
The whispering winds that, all astir, sigh "Cio-Cio-San";
This bamboo dale her native vale; her home, this fair Japan.

Lost are we now in memories, tuned to a plaintive strain;
A backward flight! a winter night! and the opera on again.
But of our ship, that, long hours gone, we left with motley throng,
A-laboring, coaling, all day toiling, toiling to speed us on.

* * * * *

This coaling takes on curious form. To those who know it not,
Fancy a mass of busy ants, all centered round a spot.
Then change these ants to humans, and multiply them well,
Till port and starboard heave alike with swaying, chattering swell



Of men and women, children, too; e'en baby bundles there,
Tied tightly to the mother's back; one looks in mute despair,
As up and down, and back and forth, their little heads are swung,
While mothers pass the baskets on, till long past set of sun.

A temporary scaffold stands against the vessel's side;
From barge to hold, most swiftly, are the baskets made to slide.
From hand to hand, from step to step, a swaying mass of arms;
A ceaseless, great upheaving of a tide of blackened forms.

This coaling done, our ship steams on; on through the Eastern sea,
Whose island-dotted surface calls for words of ecstasy.
We thought its beauties boundless; Nature scarce could offer more;
Not knowing what the sunset hour of beauty had in store.

Ah, then, and in the gloaming, we had Moji close at hand!
Having entered, through a so-called strait, what seemed a fairy land.
A fleet of sea craft, drifting! every sort! of varied size!
All rocked upon a sea of blue beneath the evening skies.

Then on, through narrow waters, where the ripples broke the air;
The swish-swash 'gainst the vessel's side made rhythmic cadence there.
The close of day had fallen, and a hush calmed outward glee,
Where hillsides rise on hillsides, and islands dot the sea.



They told us of the fairy spots we'd pass through coming night;
What, then, more unexpected, or more cause for true delight,
Than that a fog should gather, and should bar our right of way;
No getting through that channel while such density held sway.

At eight of bells the stars grew dim; at two A.M., all gone!
With anchor cast, we waited there the coming of the dawn.
It came! and glorious sunshine, too! that fog had saved the day!
The *best* was just a half-hour's run *ahead* of where we lay.

* * * * *

On, then, we steamed, and onward! 'mid a maze of green-grown isles!
Our bow, soft cutting glassy waves, and these, with sunlit smiles,
Rippling a playful harmony, like note from Arcady!
A sylvan day, we sailed away, threading that Inland Sea.

We left the ship at Kobe, she to plow her watery way;
While we were booked for Northern port, she sailed for U. S. A.
And here we pause a moment, just to make deserving note—
The *Korea* may be equaled, but no better ship afloat.

To the new hotel at Kobe we would gladly yield a thought!
Equipped with all improvements that our modern days have brought.
And garden, too, which lures one to the quiet of the roof,
Where are cozy, two-chained tables, where one sits and chats, aloof;



Forgetful of the tourists, and the little world below.
And, looking out on sheltered sea and harbor all aglow,
One hears the strains of music. Can our senses play us false?
'Tis Nippon, this! and this the air—"The Merry Widow Waltz."

We thought that "Merry Widow" was a belle of former days;
And here we find her blooming, in her old, beguiling ways.
The spell of youth comes o'er us, and we tread a sylvan dance
In the poetry of motion, to the rhythm of that waltz.

* * * * *

By rail thence to Tsuruga, which we reached without delay;
A cleanly little seaport, nestling coyly round a bay.
A port whence ships for Russia sail, and though our stay was short,
We found a quiet charm; then, too, few tourists choose this route.

Here, just as soft light gathered, and the ball began to dip
On what is known as the *Lyeemoon*—a worthy little ship—
We found ourselves again afloat beneath a silvered moon;
And floated on, two glorious nights—third day before the noon.

We docked at Vladivostok, and with interest stepped ashore,
Being temporary subjects of big Russia's ruling czar.
High up on hillside climbs the town; her flag is swung broadcast!
The days of China and Japan have joined the shadowy past.



CROSSING SIBERIA

Out from ideal summer land! out from soft summer seas!
Out where the traveler meets caress from cooler, Northern breeze.
A breeze which wakes the ozone, and spreads in generous wealth;
This breeze which kisses wayside bloom, and fills one's every breath.

Quite lost are we in wonderment! is there a word to say,
Will give e'en faint suggestion of that long Siberian way?
We think upon its vastness, on the miles we've traveled o'er;
We said then—will it ever end? or, on for evermore?

The hills, the mountains, and the plains; then plains, and mountains,
hills,
Repeat themselves forever, till the sense of vastness fills
Your every thought! your every word! you wonder, were you hurled—
You and the Wagon-Lits Express—out on an unknown world?

There seems such lack of human souls *en route*, so few are there;
Miles upon miles one speeds along, seeming to reach nowhere.
For villages, like angels' calls, are few and far between;
But over all, the sweet wild flowers in varied hues are seen.



Their faces lifted skyward, 'mid surroundings solitaire;
Acres of blue forget-me-nots, and peonies so fair.
Perhaps the most abundant is the mauve-pink fireweed;
Though hard it is, at times, to say which blossom has the lead.

So brilliant is their coloring! their fragrance fills the breeze!
We think we've never seen wild flowers so beautiful as these.
Nature's old-fashioned blossoms! their names we can't recall;
But, somehow, thoughts of Grandma and her garden come withal.

'Twould seem the clouds had opened and let go a color shower,
Making an untrilled vastness, like to open, sky-roofed bower.
Perchance the clouds had old-time schemes, while letting softly fall
This outstretched Grandma's garden; and from it comes a call

To break this depth of solitude of far-extending green,
Where miles must pile on many miles, ere human form is seen.
From Vladivostok is the route, with Moscow at the end;
To give all intervening names would scarce an interest lend.

* * * * *

Suffice to say, *our* alphabet is turned quite upside down,
And station hieroglyphics all suggest a crazy town.
From our own B they take a half, and make for V, our B;
A T, poor thing! they mutilate, which answers to our G.



Then D takes on most curious forms, while joined ii's make a P;
Poor J would never know itself, and Z is turned to 3.
Thus on they go, adown the line, in topsy-turvy plight;
Some turned around completely, and some buried out of sight.

What with endless hieroglyphics, and most ponderous station signs,
We are using choice grey matter in vain efforts, scores of times.
But, we think, re-incarnated in some weird, mysterious land,
Mayhap we'll grasp, perchance we'll hold, this dialect in hand.

Meanwhile, long distance covered, and we round a limpid lake,
Which flows four hundred miles, well-nigh; whose depth they estimate
As darkly, dangerously deep—six thousand feet, and more;
With sacred granite cliffs submerged beside its Holy Shore.

'Tis here the tribe called Buriáts make sacred dwelling-place
Of "White God"—Great! Invisible! and, custom of their race,
They gather in devotion, these devotees, by scores;
And offer there great sacrifice along its sacred shores.

* * * * *

Just here a curious incident occurred one day *en route*;
Of course, where foreign tongues convene, the tongues are rather mute.
But chance disclosed to Buriát *femme* an antique necklace, worn
By tourist on the platform, who, in distant country born,



Knew not the keen devotion of the people of this land,
But realized it fully when the woman grasped her hand.
The necklace, once a rosary, stirred up ideas which grew
Till Buriát thought her God, her faith, the foreign lady's too.

Again, "*Her* faith, *my* faith!" she cried, like minor, sweet refrain;
We'll hear it down the ages, as they go, and come again;
And honor that warm heart-throb, and the prayers she softly breathes;
Albeit they're all recounted on a slender string of beads.

The signal bell rings one loud stroke! "two!" "three!" break on the air!

A scurrying crowd! The station folk and one lone lingerer there.
She stood, as train receded, with a saddened gaze profound;
Her narrow life and little world within yon hillsides bound.

Beyond them, naught! these near-by folk were all she ever knew;
These and that neighboring, green-clad slope, and local dome of blue.
What was the outside world to her—the great, wide, wondrous world?
Of which she'd never even dreamed, much less had ever heard.

Her books were brooks, and sweet wild flowers, and widespread,
neighboring trees,
And daily, as she read, not she, but Nature turned the leaves.
Did she but read her books aright? her brooks, and flowers, and trees?
Did she but catch an inner light of power behind all these?



Still does "Her faith, my faith!" come back, borne on some Northern air,

And with it comes a click of beads, like soft "Amen" to prayer.

Could it but come, that sweet refrain, and speed on winds abroad,

Till every voice, with one acclaim, could say, "Her God, my God!"

* * * * *

'Tis custom on this *train de luxe* to make long station halts;

Thus otherwise, for those *en route*, there'd be no healthful walks.

At pausing of the engine, all the train pours forth its freight;

And there, upon the platform, all the humans walk and wait

Till ringing of the second bell; not wise to be too slow,

For when the signal sounds "three" clangs, that means, "time up and go."

We're getting on so rapidly, already nearly whirled

Beyond that lake which holds its own with great lakes of the world.

'Tis thus the big books tell us that Lake Baikal ranks today;

We leave it in its sanctity, observing by the way.

It feeds the River Angará, which, turbulent in power,

We follow round to Irkútsk, and there tarry for an hour.

Here change of trains is always made in going east or west;

The transfer, done quite quickly, gives us time to go in quest

Of postal cards, *etcetera*, and then we're off once more,

To cover many an unknown mile, with Moscow still afar.



We curve and cross the river, and, looking from mid-stream,
The domes of Irkútsk rising, on either side are seen.

A chain of boats connects the banks, and oft and many a time
Its counterpart we've crossed at old Cologne upon the Rhine.

We leave them all, the domes and boats; and pushing way ahead
For three whole days, all mountains gone, have plateau lands instead.
Of course, the usual station halts, the Moudjiks there in groups;
The great unwashed—the peasantry—sell stuffs, from bread to soups.

Chickens alive! and chickens cooked! both milk and eggs galore!
A gathering oftentimes the size of little country store.
Then trains pass filled, quite frequently, with emigrating bands;
All bound, with some allotment, seeking new and untilled lands.

And thus we pass the seventh day; the eighth brings lovely change;
We reach, at last, the lower spurs, and cross the Ural Range.
We cross, likewise, to Europe, and have monument in view,
Quite near the train, upon the left; to Asia, 'tis *adieu*.

And now for hours we follow vales, and watch the mountains rise,
Clothed in greenest, softest verdure, 'neath the blue of Russian skies.
Perhaps the spot which, most of all, of picturesqueness speaks,
Is Zlatoust, on the River Ai, asleep between two peaks.



Near by, with old-time crook in hand, oftentimes both stretched on ground,
A shepherd, clad in dangling stuffs, made lonely, listless round,
Guarding his much-grown, grazing sheep, as speechless he as they ;
More active, they ! he oftentimes lounged ; they nibbled hours away.

And beech trees ! groves of beech trees ! which, by day, a mass of green,
Beneath the moon's cold mantle, gave uncanny, weird-like scene.
These then, took on a seeming, in their several friendly groups,
And looked—most past believing—like a lot of spectral spooks.

Gone are they now ! the sheep graze on ! but both in memory's light
We pass—by river's frequent curve, from valley into night.
Just here be said a whispered word regarding that word, "night" ;
'Tis surely a misnomer in a land of surplus light.

The evenings spread themselves afar ; on night they overlap ;
Ere three A.M. 'tis daylight ; ere four, the sun's red cap
Is far above horizon ! Thus, with dawn and morning fine,
The sleeping hours are well curtailed ; leastwise, in Summer time.

* * * * *

This train is known as *train de luxe* ; great promises are made
Of goodly fare ! unequaled rooms ! on these great stress is laid.
We've tried them now ! ten days and nights have put them to the test ;
Though excellent in many ways, we think them not the best.



They're lacking in the little things! and in regard to food,
Their greatest Road Enthusiast could hardly term it good.
In running, 'tis delightful! smooth and easy-going rate;
One glides along unconscious of the miles on miles we make.

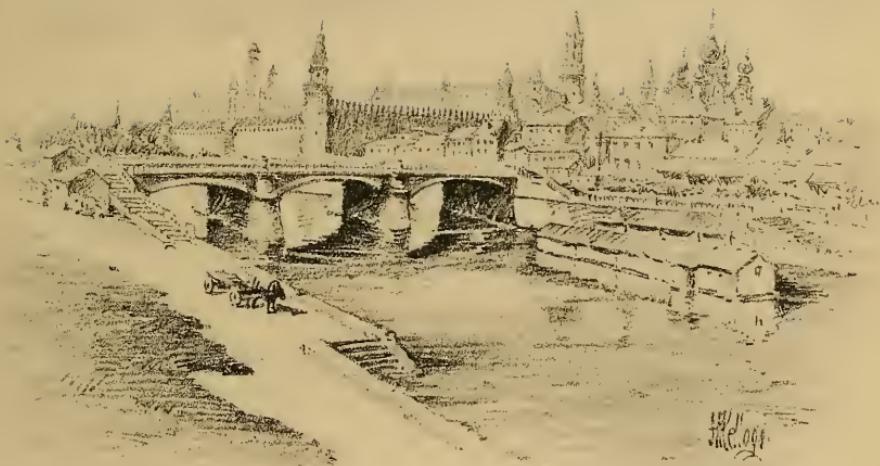
Then the air, so pure and tonic! 'tis champagne three times a day!
Nay! more than that! 'tis ours to quaff each hour throughout the way.
'Tis restful, not fatiguing! a ride with less of dust
Than any railroad that we know; we're giving facts, we trust.

'Tis well worth while! A long, long stretch o'er mountainside and plain,
Where sweet wild flowers are blooming, and are calling "Come again!"
But should you cross Siberia in this world-famed *train de luxe*,
Take something dainty with you; take some foodstuffs with your books.

* * * * *

And now, how *tempus fugit!* one night! just one night more!
For each, what of the morrow? What, for each, is held in store?
We've covered *miles* of continents—fifty-four hundred, forty-nine;
In many ways, in comfort, and in ten days' space of time.

There's one good feature on this line; namely, a morning bath;
And where one lacks home comforts, better value what one hath.
But what of Vladivostok now? as thoughts will backward trend;
It seems so far, so long agone; we've reached the Moscow end.



“Yonder, o'er the glittering Kremlin”



MOSCOW

Standing, with our gaze extended, on the crest of Sparrow Hill,
All the present scene seems ended ; troops alone the vista fill.
On they come, with freshened courage, light of heart and firm of step ;
In each eye the gleam of victory ; “Moscow !” breathed upon each lip.

This, through fancy, seems so real, history wraps us round about ;
Gathers up her long-closed pages, and, in silence, spreads them out.
Thus we see the great Napoleon, arms tight folded, keen eyes cast
Yonder, o'er the glittering Kremlin ; “Mine !” low muttered ; “Mine
at last !”

Golden balls, like diamonds, glitter far across the river banks ;
“Moscow !” cries the great commander ; “Moscow !” echo back the
ranks.

Dome-crowned city, rich in treasure ; French troops enter, full in force ;
Kremlin walls and Kremlin churches shelter men and stable horse.

All is gain ! Napoleon triumphs ! triumphs for a day, and then !
Lo, his star has reached its zenith ; even now 'tis on the wane.
Winter snows come fast and blasting ; fire and hunger, loss of men,
Send his broken ranks, disheartened, out upon the march again.



Had he crushed, in part, ambition, heeded less its ceaseless call,
Victory here had not been followed by retreat and crushing fall.
Later, while *en route* to Warsaw, history thrust a page again;
Halt was made at place called Vilna, where Napoleon left his men.

Left the few, the broken remnant—remnant of an army grand;
He, commander, now disheartened; they, but small and suffering band.
Here at Vilna, then, they parted; vanquished chief, disgruntled men!
One thought only! one ambition! but to reach their France again.

* * * * *

Long gone now those days of battle; Moscow domes still glint and
shine;
Peaceful flows the winding Moskva, and, on Sparrow Hill, entwine
Plants and vines in terraced garden; villas rise among the green;
We see now, as did Napoleon, Moscow whence it best is seen.

We now roam among its churches; Kremlin walls enclose the ground
Where are tombs of Russian rulers, and where Russia's czars are
crowned.

In a corner back of chancel, seen not lest you make request,
Ivan, with his awful passion, and his son are laid at rest.

Not far distant stands a structure, more grotesque than beautiful;
Many domes of varied color rise o'er chapels wonderful.
Not for beauty, no! but curious! most eccentric in design!
Idiotic, as Saint Ivan, is this great St. Basil shrine.



Passages, both dark and narrow, lead, in labyrinthian way,
Into chapels cold and somber, where 'tis penance long to stay.
Once was said, without foundation, that the architect—poor freak!
Had his eyes put out, by order, that his work be kept unique.

* * * * *

One of Moscow's loveliest memories savors of a seraph chant;
But just how, upon its beauty, can we ever hope descant?
'Twas from gallery of Cathedral that we heard the notes arise,
Till they seemed to join the voices, unseen voices of the skies.

Organ strains in Russian service ne'er exist; male voice alone
Fills Greek Cross in every crevice, from high altar up to dome.
Thus "*Gospodi pomilui,*" far aloft, through vaulting soared,
Followed by soprano pleadings—"Have Thou mercy on us, Lord."

Such a depth of invocation that no 'cello could attain;
Then, in softest, full soprano, came melodious refrain.
Sweetest anthems! how they mounted! rose and fell, and rose again;
Then, with rich, full peal of pathos, died away in soft "Amen!"

Priests in numbers, richly mantled; vestments red, wrought o'er with
gold;
All save one in cloth of silver; he, a novice, we were told.
From a neighboring monastery; here, and now, reception given,
As a brother in the priesthood, thus to point and lead to Heaven.



Oh, how vivid seems the picture of that morning service there!
Back of great iconostasis, on a high, imposing chair,
Sat the priest beyond all others, "Metropolitan" on throne;
And in front, a golden altar, on which seven candles burned.

This, all this, behind doors golden, doors which usually are closed;
Only at the highest service, inner treasures are disclosed.
Gazing, silent, sat we listening, in an edifice most chaste;
Rich in stones and gold adornment, rich in purity of taste.

Icons well inlaid with jewels, polished walls and paintings rare;
Vereshchagin, and like artists, left enduring impress there.
'Tis historically nothing, 'tis so new! yet all concur,
Blissful, well-spent hours were given to the Church of St. Sauveur.

* * * * *

Then we visit house of Michael—Michael Romanoff—and see
How he lived, this far-back founder of the reigning dynasty.
Palace home, not over spacious, but quite livable withal;
Low-ceiled rooms, though numbering many, would today be classed as
small.



There, with Early Seventeenth Century and its customs quaint, we
stood;
Saw the Russian mode of living, and the manner of their food.
For the kitchen, with utensils, and wee nursery, with toys,
All bespoke of fair, good living and of little children's joys.

* * * * *

Fair Queen Bess, so history tells us, was a spinster but from choice;
Had but maiden heart responded, had she listened to a voice—
That of Ivan Fourth, who wooed her, and in marriage asked her hand—
She had not been maiden ever, holding fast to Fatherland.

Looking o'er that time so somber—for the dawn had scarce begun—
Bess, we think, did right to ponder; Russia's strength was yet to come.
Brute was Ivan when in passion; name of "Terrible" he won;
Brought to mourn in bitterest fashion for the killing of his son.

This, perchance, exhausted fury, for, as monk, he pardon sought;
Let us hope long prayers and penance peace to troubled spirit brought.
Let us take another picture, for the Kremlin offers more
In the way of precious treasure, such a grand and goodly store.



Crowns, made up of costliest jewels, date from Vladimir the Saint,
Showing far back, jeweled splendor, half barbaric, crude and quaint.
Clothes of gold, and silver vestments, ponderous in their jeweled
weight;
Choicest tissue, as foundation, hand-wrought into garbs ornate.

Queenly robes of modern richness, from the far-off Agra looms;
Over which, embroidered deftly, pearls lay grouped in gay festoons.
Massive gold and silver service, jewel inlaid, by the score;
Riches rare, beyond description, Kremlin treasury holds in store.

ST. PETERSBURG

History gives us three strong figures; he by whom the cross was
raised—

Goodly Vladimir, since sainted, and his many virtues praised.
Then, in firmament of Russia, rose, as varied years rolled on,
Star of magnitude most lustrous! three and forty years it shone.

Rose in strength and shone in power o'er the embryo ship of state—
Peter First, well known in history under surname of "The Great."
Peter! many-sided Peter! he whose gifts seemed manifold,
If, indeed, he half accomplished all the things of which we're told.



We were shown his childhood's carriage, fashioned ere evolved his powers;

Curious little mica windows, panels strewn with painted flowers.

Then another, long and massive, fitted up to dine in state;

This it was in which the Empress—Peter's daughter—guides relate,

Comfort found *en route*; her journeys undisturbed while meals were served;

On she sped, and reached, on runners, Moscow from St. Petersburg.

Now one covers that same distance drawn by engine; moving on

Over miles at least four hundred; on from eve till following morn.

How all varied things around us, quick and dead alike, respond
To a mighty, silent motor, in its everlasting round.

Old-time, tardy customs vanished; present swiftness oft proclaims
“How the great world spins forever down the ringing grooves of
change.”

* * * * * *

Peter's work, his own designing, then along a score of lines;

Adept, he! nay, more! a genius! man most suited to those times.

Boats he builded, then turned cobbler; built good churches, houses,
locks;

Fashioned furniture, and carved it; made barometers and clocks.





What did *not* do this great Peter, if we've all been told aright?
Though his spouse, the first of Catherines, could not read, nor could
she write.
Catherine Second, strong in stature, and in brains, enough for two,
Greatly eased the situation, since Third Peter had so few.

This the gentle creature realized, and thought best to have full sway;
To this end she had him smothered, well removed and out of way.
Thus, vast difference in the Catherines; in the Peters, too, we see;
Peter First, with brains so active, while *non compos* Number Three.

Catherine First, a household treasure, brewed, and baked, and dinners
planned;
Catherine Second, strong to govern, took the reins of state in hand.
So, on rolled the years for Russia; lo, another star arose—
He whose living marked an era in the many lives of those

Alexander Second governed; subjects whom he lived to see
Given, in freedom's name, their manhood; serfs, by act of his, made free.
He, the man of broadened culture! man whose gifts might well have
turned
Scales of thought toward good, for Russia, had life's candle longer
burned.





Vile the bomb by base hand wielded! leaving thus a burning blot
On the soul of foul assassin, and a nation's light put out.
Rises now rich church, where porphyry, jasper, rosolite, all tell
How its walls of choice mosaics mark the spot where martyr fell.

But we linger long, thus musing; other interests claim the hour—
Things at hand, not gone like Peter, though throughout we feel his
power.

Here, indeed, we're calmly roaming in the city Peter planned;
City built like lily floating on a sea-washed, rescued land.

Where the Neva and the Nevka fight their rapid, winding ways,
Washing palace grounds and fortress, as they curve with curving quays,
Till they join the Gulf of Finland, which itself is wont to make
Annual Autumn inundations, in bold efforts to frustrate

All the care and constant watching given by man to fight the sea,
Since St. Petersburg was founded—A. D. seventeen hundred three.
Surely 'tis not picturesqueness that impresses strongly here,
Though fine buildings and rare churches, seemingly beyond compare,

Group themselves along the highways, or are lined beside the quays;
What one feels most is the vastness and the sense which wealth conveys.
Pause a moment, and we'll enter this—St. Isaac's noble church!
Where great cost has full expression to yon dome from entrance porch.



Where huge monoliths of granite from yon Finland have been borne,
With rich, Russian-quarried marbles, its interior to adorn.

Where green malachite, on pillars, has most deftly been applied ;
And where dark, rich lapis lazuli most lavishly supplied.

Where are icons, rare and costly, and where gold and bronze enroll
In a most harmonious grandeur, forming one stupendous whole.
We are prone to think of malachite and lapis as of worth,
And prize a tiny *bijou* made from either, while, in truth,

Here are both in vast abundance. “Riches broadcast!” one exclaims,
As we turn and quit the splendor which this massive church contains.
Yonder Admiralty—fine building!—we will pass, and, later, see
The great Palace of the Russians, where its Court holds gayety.

Where are massed the rich crown jewels, they of value unsurpassed ;
Where the “Orloff” diamond resteth, at great Catherine’s feet once
cast.
Where one sees the plain apartments of late Emperors and their wives ;
Where we step within the limit of their royal, human lives.

Garments see of Alexander ; he, the just, so foully killed ;
Gown, likewise, of little daughter near his own, whose heart she filled.
See the couches and, beside them, sprays of palms of long ago ;
Vases filled with pussy willows ; left because they loved them so.

* * * * *



Let us now behold the treasures which the Hermitage contains;
Through collections rare we'll wander, on and on; yet more remains.
Richest paintings! choicest vases! one of centuries back B. C.;
One unique, of ribband jasper; such a wealth of art we see

In a museum fine in structure, filled with multitudinous stores,
Gathered at the Crown's dictation in from foreign, classic shores.
Then upon the Nevski Prospect, we will wander slowly by
Buildings fine, and well proportioned, never towering toward the sky.

Soon we pass Kazan Cathedral; richer treasures church has none!
Built to imitate St. Peter's—great St. Peter's—down in Rome.
Moving on adown this Broadway, here a palace greets the eye;
Then the Great Bazaar's big building; so on, ever passing by

Shops, hotels—all life! all bustle! Just the center where one views,
All along a three-mile distance, life, which cities large infuse.
Trolleys passing! street boys jostling! all the world seems much akin!
Would not Peter think his city ample, rich reward for him?

Just as William First, the Kaiser, loved so well the cornflower blue,
So Great Peter showed a fondness for the things of sunlit hue.
Yellow dominates in color, where his home effects are seen
In the cottage, still remaining, shared with Catherine, buxom Queen.

* * * * *



Let us now make theater visit—"People's Theater," fine in plan!
For the lower classes only, where the woman and the man
Find a place for wraps and parcels; where the entrance fee is small;
Where they hear good opera given, and refreshments come at call.

Building large! immense in structure! somewhat school-like in its tone;
World maps serve as decorations on the walls of *foyer* dome.
Painted well these maps! enduring! all the world to gaze upon!
Thus, with strains of music blending, worldly knowledge can be won.

Like, we thought, to kindergarten—one the grown-ups could attend,
And enjoy with goodly profit; but our visit needs must end;
For the Duma claims attention, Russia's House of Parliament;
Though justwhys so plain a structure calls for questioning wonderment.

Nothing in its architecture to inspire the mind with awe;
Naught of power finds there expression; just a building, nothing more.
Thus we wander, though not idly, for we fain would not forget
Crossing yon long bridge—the Troitski—and the Fortress there
inspect.

Where the Royal Mausoleum holds, beneath Cathedral floor,
All the bones of Russia's sovereigns, save one name, not heard before—
Peter Second, who elected Moscow as his favorite home;
There he lived, and died, in boyhood; there one also finds his tomb.

* * * * *

Memory takes us back a moment; overleaps the years agone,
When we saw a funeral *cortège* with unusual *cortège* throng—
Monks and guardsmen, priests and cossacks, horsemen, citizen, huzzar,
Marching noiseless, following footsteps of the then and present Czar.

Ladies of the royal family in their carriages, scarce seen;
All the line of march well covered, like a forestry of green.
Strangely picturesque procession! not a sound of footfall there!
Naught but muffled dirge, that, weird-like, broke upon the noiseless air.

Thickly strewn those fir tree branches! Highways, bridge, thus
carpeted;
All *en route* to mausoleum, where they laid their royal dead.
There, again, at rest we leave them. Peter, too, whose life, well spent,
All St. Petersburg bears witness—great, enduring monument.

EN ROUTE TO WARSAW

Through night we journeyed into day; again through day till night;
In rather easy-going way, though scarce a record flight.
We pass, *en route*, through Vilna, whence Napoleon beat retreat;
Where his shattered army learned, in truth, the sorrows of defeat.



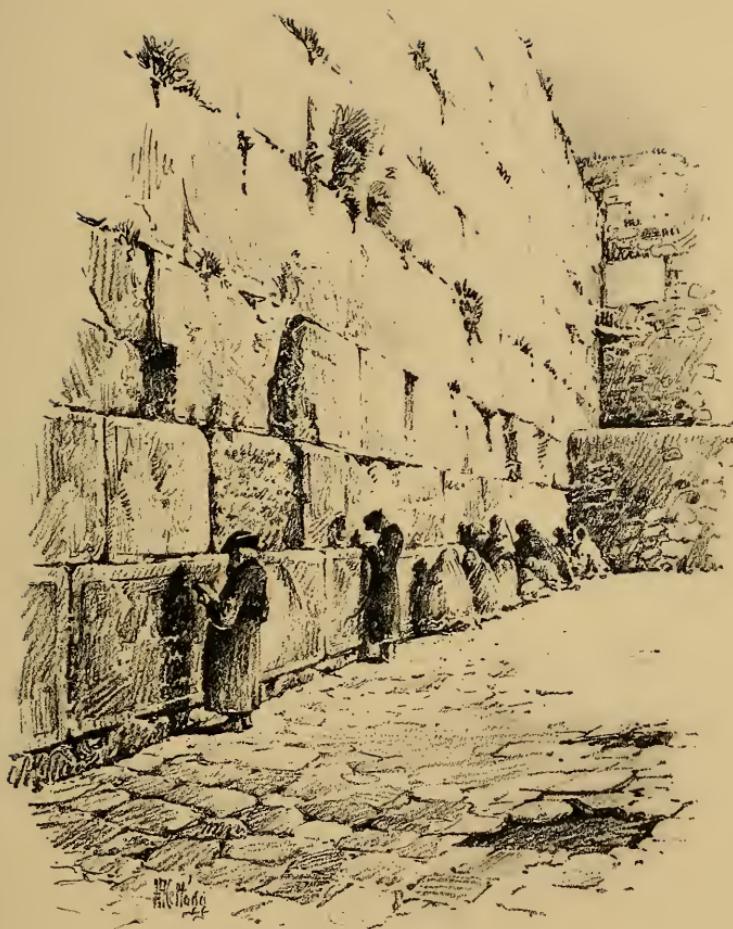
Sad ending this to hardships every man had cause to bear!
The frost of Moscow's Winter ending here in blank despair.
Their leader moving on, disguised; abandoning brave men!
Nothing but death could now arise, or reach their France again.

Long years have gone since grievous blast made dark that history's leaf;
E'en Vilna may have quite forgot; she looked not bowed with grief.
But, clad in emerald raiment, as we journey through she smiles;
She seems to wish "Safe journey" o'er our yet uncovered miles.

But, with seven hundred ended, we at Warsaw now alight;
Festive looking, for we enter under brilliancy of night.
Land of checkered life, this Poland! child of Russia is today!
Though a governor general rules her, 'tis St. Petersburg holds sway.

Here we find a royal castle, perched upon a sloping green;
Whence soft turf goes stretching downward, till 'tis washed by flowing
stream.
'Tis the Vistula, whose murmurings come in whisperings, soft and low,
Rippling ever: "In past flowings, I've seen heroes come and go;

"I've seen yonder castle lighted with festivities and life,
And I've heard the halls re-echo with the gruesome sound of strife."
Here, today, shorn of its glory! gone all art! all bare within!
Here it stands to tell the story, in cold silence, "I have been."



"By Jerusalem's bit of wall"



Down from walls gaze Poland's heroes. One, with bravery most imbued—

Their unerring, brilliant planet of the greatest magnitude!

Sobieski is that hero! Life, with him a fighting task,

Brought to climax when Vienna he released from Turkish grasp.

This—we're always forced to query—but for Sobieski's aims—

He who fought, and Turks subjected; led his men in hard campaigns—

What if he, their loyal hero, had not lived, we're wont to say;

What this country, and its people? What this Poland's fate today?

Mixed, in truth, this population! human medley met with here!

Folk, with many an appellation, in most curious garb appear.

Prussian, Russian, Pole, and German; aliens, gathered by the score;

Meeting, mixing, Jew and Gentile; folk we've scarcely seen before,

Lest it be in old-time city, by Jerusalem's bit of wall,

Where a weekly, plaintive "wailing" ceases not its prayerful call.

There, where humans still are trailing o'er an antiquated track,

And where changeful, intervening years are ruthlessly held back.

* * * * *

But here and now, in market place, we wander up and down,

As oftentimes interest centers in the old parts of a town.

Just at hand, an old wine cellar, and, above the door, the name;

Family name of Fukiera, through three centuries the same.



Held fast by line of sires and sons, this darksome family keep,
Akin to very charnel, where the sleepers always sleep.
Here, in subterranean chamber, rests rich, mellow, old Torquay;
Rests in fungus-covered bottles, undisturbed and laid away.

Laid since 1606, in quiet, and, if stirred to treat one's self,
Thirty dollars one must part with, ere the bottle leaves the shelf.
There in darksome damp we left them, long accustomed to their home;
If in time again we see them, how that fungus will have grown!

Yet a brighter scene awaits us! Warsaw has a modern side—
An extended Champs Elyseés; princely homes, the city's pride.
Likewise park—the Lazienki—with imperial residence,
Where would live the Russian Emperor, *if* in temporal evidence.

This and others! handsome castles! One was Sobieski's own;
Built in part by Turks, his prisoners, those he conquered and brought
home.
Here it was he brought his trophies; here forgetfulness he tried;
Banished thoughts of fighting factions, and at last 'twas here he died.

* * * * *

Lo! with Cracow not far distant, happy memories thrust their way;
Face to face are we with bygones; all the present slips away.
Oft we catch an echo's whisper of the voices long since stilled,
Or of others, widely scattered wheresoe'er the Fates have willed.



Sweet the memories that are wakened of bright, bygone dreams and
hopes,

When, aglow with youth, we wandered over green Carpathian slopes;
When, with spirit of adventure, and athirst and keen for mirth,
Sunless, starless paths we traversed, far entombed in Mother Earth.

Far below, yet down, and deeper, where the darkest shadows creep!
Yet where evening hours sped lightly, in a ballroom fathoms deep.
Spacious ballroom! finely lighted! and with orchestra aloft!
We interned! in salt mine hidden! All the outer world as naught.

Pause a moment for old glimpses. Catch the strains from gallery!
Happy faces! merry dances! scene of lithesome revelry!
Walls and ceiling, floor and columns, all, and everything in sight,
Out of solid salt are fashioned, save the humans and the light.

Oh, so charming, looking backward, toward Wieliczka and old scenes!
But Today and Now are claimants; we must waken from our dreams;
Pick up threads of present moment; yet we caught, in that swift gaze,
Scent of flower, so sweet and cherished, that we culled in former days.

Meanwhile, muse is stilled, and ceases, as the train keeps on its way;
How they come, these little glimpses! come, but never come to stay!
Back we start and quit our dreamland, yet it makes life sweeter far;
Takes us smoothly, haply wandering over paths that are no more.



EN ROUTE TO BERLIN

An early start from Warsaw, when so fresh the morning air;
With the dew still on the blossom, and but the birds astir.
Perhaps a Frenchman half described the land through which we sped;
A fertile land; not quite, we thought, as "mo-no-toe-nos" as he said.

And now, 'mid fast receding fields, we're rolling, rolling on;
And breathe "good-by" to Poland, as our train pulls up at Thorn.
With this the thought which every mile enforces us to learn—
We're entering now an Empire built on basis strong and firm.

The Hohenzollern Castle, whose foundation was of rock,
Seems a fitting illustration of this stalwart German stock.
Rich evidence of industry in well-kept, well-tilled lands;
Work and workers all around us. Farm life leaves no idle hands.

Through miles and miles of harvesting, and on, as many more;
Through acres of dark forestry, repeating o'er and o'er.
And then our run finds ending, and our good train rolls within
The Friedrichstrasse Station, in the city of Berlin.



BERLIN

'There's much of interest in Berlin, much to be seen and do;
We think 'tis better to begin with just a general view.
'Tis but revival of old scenes, alluring still, we own;
A change we note which progress means, in size and beauty grown.

A joy exists, one can't explain, in travel which is *first*;
A thrill which rarely comes again, for which we vainly thirst.
Return, 'tis true, may mean a joy repeating oft again,
Like echo of familiar sound, or chord from loved refrain.

In noting changes brought about; to see the city's growth;
Additions, and to what amount—all this will be of worth.
Thus now it is in fair Berlin, for fair she sure has grown;
Paris, we say, must look within, or fail to hold her own.

Paris, *la belle* has always been! The palm within her grasp!
Perhaps since rival here is seen, her laurels she should clasp.
Perhaps she may not give it thought, conscious of being queen;
She may not know what years have wrought, till wakened from her
dream.



Yes, much there is of interest here, in city of Berlin ;
An up-to-date, fresh atmosphere, as if a power within
Kept everybody, everything, in motion, going round ;
A sort of clock-like movement, where the clock is always wound.

The cleanliness which here abounds on everything is shown ;
Within the corners goes its round, and creeps ; we think 'tis grown !
Not on surface is it only, and in residential street ;
But the highways and the byways—they, too, scrupulously neat.

Could this commodity be boxed—this most attractive one—
We'd even pay the duty if delivered safe at home.
Sure, many things transported not its equal are in worth ;
'Twere well, indeed, if this good seed *at home* had second birth.

We find a powerful Emperor, one whose grandsire lives today ;
Whose people loved that kindly face, so long since passed away.
Yet lives—as does his Mother-Queen ! The beautiful Louise !
Living within the memory, and their people's hearts are these.

Thus potentates may come and go, as go and come they will ;
Yet always some stand out apart, though pulse and voice be still.
So here today one seems to hear late Kaiser's voice, so bland ;
One seems to see, from palace near, the wave of friendly hand.



One almost thinks the window yon frames in the face benign;
That passing troops he looks upon, just as in olden time.
'Tis true the troops are passing—and in evidence today;
The change is at the window there! The face has passed away.

* * * * *

Once more to Royal Palace here we gladly wend our way;
'Tis where their Frederick—called "The Great"—first saw the light
of day;
And where, with softened, slippered feet—these coverings donned at
doors—
We slip and glide, lest one should slide, and injure polished floors.

We follow this Great Frederick out beyond the city's bounds,
To Potsdam, where his *Sans-Souci* is set in terraced grounds.
'Tis where, with friends and favorite dogs, in most congenial ways,
Amid his orangery and flowers he passed his latter days.

'Tis where he entertained Voltaire; yet, if past days were shown,
And true the rumor rife in air, disputes were not unknown.
Whate'er of greatness they possessed, in outward form not seen,
In stature, it must be confessed, both undersized as men.

A wreath-strewn casket in yon church; so short, looks small, indeed,
To hold the ashes of a man so full of force to lead.
Petit in stature, big in mind! and, as a truth, it holds,
Men's height and breadth are naught, we find, since 'tis the mind
controls.



A second palace near at hand, restored, and though—'tis true!—
By Frederick built long years ago, 'tis to this day called "New."
One finds a touch of home within, things dear to woman's heart;
One knows with present Empress, 'tis with her of life a part.

A shell room here is most unique; quite decorated o'er
With semi-precious stones and shells—walls, ceiling, all save floor.
And this, at merry Christmastide, is covered with a wealth
Of heavy, dark, rich carpeting, thus giving air of warmth.

And here Kriss Kringle holds the day, in merriment and glee;
Each child has holiday display, each child has Christmas tree.
We wondered if the fairies might a fairer scene combine—
The glistening stones, electric lights, and scent of pungent pine.

And then our thoughts went wandering off—to gatherings, and the fun,
The general air of jollity, around these days at home.
The "Merry Christmas" through the halls, that rang ere dawn begun;
The untold pleasures one recalls with Christmas days at home.

They come! And even dearer, as on foreign shores we roam,
We clasp the memories nearer of those precious days at home—
The families reunited then; the gifts for every one;
Forever let us keep them green, these Christmas days at home.



*"And when the eight-hour bells pealed forth, we heard
them in Cologne"*



EN ROUTE TO PARIS

We left Berlin at nightfall, under glimmer of the stars,
In what the Teuton mildly terms *Schlafwagen*—sleeping cars.
And on this same *Schlafwagen*, through the night hours we were borne ;
And glorious sunlit morning finds us rolling on and on.

Through Hanover and Düsseldorf, each mile the nearer home ;
And when the eight-hour bells pealed forth, we heard them in Cologne.
Somehow that old Cathedral, with its graceful, lofty spires
And bells—to us, so musical—awaken smoldering fires.

These bells, from towering belfry, ring again in memory clear ;
We hold them tucked away in thought, as friends we hold most dear.
They call some precious family names, for whom they rose and fell ;
And, ringing out for us today, 'tis more than hours they tell.

Their peals, as then we heard them, we can never hear again ;
There'll always be a minor chord, a pleasure mixed with pain.
There'll always be a far-off note, a tone for us alone ;
A muffled sort of spirit stroke, from belfry in Cologne.



How moves the world, and we withal? though here are changes few;
The same "Farina," same "Great Dom," same Virgin-Bones on view.
Same folk, so neat and cleanly, and, not strange, so "sweet" the home,
Since the water still used daily is, in fact, *l'eau de Cologne*.

* * * * *

Here we catch a mental picture! Arc de Triomphe and Vendome!
Paris calls, and over intervening miles, says "Come!"
A whisper covering mandate now, for Summer days creep on,
When migrant birds move southward, better than our stay prolong.

Now are needed readjustments. With this thought we're well imbued;
Notwithstanding New York Customs, worn-out garbs must be
renewed.

But beyond this call of Paris, and her blithe and gleesome ways,
There's an echo from the mountains, breathing charms of Alpine days.

'Tis for Switzerland we're longing, with her peaks of endless snow;
Her valleys soft in meadow lands; her ice-fields' hidden flow.
So, following readjustments, fast we'll heed this Alpine call,
And, swallow-like, will take to flight to Paris in the fall.

Thus, with a halt at Herbesthal, the last of Germany,
We take a run through Belgium, pushing on toward *gai Paris*.
At Jeumont, we are back in France—it seems like home again!
Then St. Quentin, and Tergnier; then Paris and the Seine.



ON TO GENEVA

Again we feel revivified! Earth knows no ills nor pains!
We sense New Life's Elixir, as it courses through our veins.
La belle! La grande! Eternal! In vain for words one seeks
To fitly clothe fair Switzerland, her beauty and her peaks.

With *au revoir* to Paris, just one night to Bourg we gave;
Then straightway on through Nantua, to beautiful Genève.
Here, close at hand, the Juras, with Lake Léman at our feet,
Which holds the flow of River Rhone, in basin long and deep.

Here limpid, heaven-blue waters in swift current ever flow,
And join the cold, grey River Arve, about a mile below;
A ribband stream of blue and grey, at first so loth to blend,
Flow side by side, flirtatious-like, yet mingle in the end.

From here we scan the waters o'er, and on, beyond the green,
Where rises grand old mountain head, majestic and serene.
So white in glare of sunlight, roseate in Alpine glow;
So ashy-grey and death-like, as the shadows come and go.



Far up on icy pillow rests that head of endless snow,
Thousands of feet above the vale and cold, grey river's flow.
And here, some forty miles away, we linger on the view—
Mont Blanc! With great Napoleon's head, as seen from Léman's blue.

We've watched it oft, that grand old peak, now grown so dear to heart!
We almost feel its presence of our very lives a part.
We fain would be still nearer, and we thus decide to go'
To where the cold, grey waters of the Arve *begin* to flow.

Up through the green-clad mountain slopes, where verdant, vine-grown dale,
By many a lovely winding, leads to Chamouni's sweet vale;
Where granite peaks—huge mountain kings!—stupendous heights of snow,
Are guarding—silent, sentinel-like—the little world below.

Ever, and yet forever, by great Nature's bold decree,
These mighty guardsmen shadow all this vale of Chamouni.
And here we haply rest awhile, contentedly to stay
Amid these ice-bound monarchs, and their cold, eternal sway.

Content our wandering footsteps have thus haply here been led,
To where, just high above us, towers Mont Blanc's great, snow-crowned head.

We saw it from the lakeside yon, those forty miles away,
And now we hear its glaciers flow in subterranean play.



“To where its waters trickled first in glacial baby lisp”



The yodel and the yodeler, and the cattle's tinkling bell,
All, all surround and hold us by their wondrous Alpine spell.
We love thy heights, fair Switzerland! thy every rill and dale;
Not least of all to memory dear is Chamouni's sweet vale.

ZERMATT

Yet other bells are tinkling, and adown the vale we go;
High up, great, jagged, frowning peaks, wrapped well in endless snow.
Grain, ready for the sickle, on our either side is seen,
In narrow strips and patches; then, in groups among the green—

Are the mountain cattle grazing, with a charm one scarce can tell;
'Tis here each bonny brindle swings and tinkles her own bell.
'Tis full of peace and melody, this great, grand mountain way;
We're pilgrims now to Zermatt, and we're there at close of day.

* * * * *

We've come by old Martigny and the valley of the Rhone;
We've come to where another stream first left its natal home,
To where its waters trickled first in glacial baby lisp,
Ere yet it rushed in torrents down the valley of the Visp.



Some natures, never quite content, seem always asking "More!"
Our cry, like theirs, at Zermatt rang aloud, "Excelsior!"
We longed for higher regions and the realms of upper air,
And sought it by prosaic means—a good *chemin de fer*.

Electric road! which curves and mounts beyond the timber line;
One hour, plus one quarter, the ascent in point of time.
The Riffelalp, the Riffelberg, the world—all left below;
We feel ourselves as pygmies, up with monarchs clad in snow.

Across looms Monte Rosa! then the Lyskamm, near at hand;
Castor and Pollux—twins, as were—in friendly contact stand.
Then Breithorn, grand and glorious, spreads white arms in chair-like
form;
And over, by its royal self, their queen—the Matterhorn.

But, oh! how vain the effort to convey by written word
The grandeur of an Alpine range, where human soul is stirred.
Strong words fade into nothingness! the strongest find no birth!
One only can express in part such glories of the earth.

'Tis but a step, in seeming, to yon summits, strangely near;
So dazzling is the brightness and so rarified the air.
Could we but reach their granite heights by bold, gigantic stride,
We'd find 'twas sunny Italy adown that other side.



We think it grand by day, but hold! wait for the sun to sleep,
And, going, sends her glances back on many a favored peak.
Wait till the moon comes up apace, and spreads her silver sheen;
'Tis then those mountain chains will make a memory-living scene.

No tongue can tell, no word yet coined, where glories all combat
For suitable expression on that glorious Gorner Grat!
One stands, 'mid scenic grandeur, in a world of spotless white,
Within a cyclorama of stupendous, dazzling light.

We linger, loth to go below to hurly-burly scenes;
A bit the nearer heaven here! there's naught that intervenes.
There's naught but silent splendor, which entralls. We ask to stay,
For here the great Creator seems, in truth, not far away.

VEVEY

Far and away that upper world, that region clothed in snow;
We're down on mundane earth again, beside a limpid flow
Which from the blue Rhone Glacier slipped away and wandered here,
Where Léman's sunny shores unfold, and hold its waters clear.



Here at Vevey we shall tarry for a visit to Chillon,
Where steps of darkest, gruesome mien lead, in their blackness, *down*.
The castle known, in story, as the scene of conflicts sore;
Dismantled now, a monument of days that are no more.

'Tis grey and somber looking, yet scarce showing on its face
The cruel prison horrors that therein have taken place.
Great tales they tell of gentry who within its gates were led—
Led to where their history closes. To the world forever dead.

Their Bonnivard a captive here. Six years he paced and slept
Within those cold, grey dungeon walls; unjustly, foully kept.
A hero for his country, and an honored Genevese,
But victim of a tyrant whose base heart knew no reprieves.

Here Dukes of Savoy banqueted and lived within these walls;
Yet horror, more than merriment, its history recalls.
We'll leave its grey foundations to be washed by Léman's flow,
And seek the charms that here abound at Vevey and at Caux.

The head of Lake Geneva, one of Nature's dreams is this!
Vineyards and bowered villas! the Riviera of *La Suisse*.
'Tis here the mountains hug themselves and keep the winds at bay,
While Winter suns and moonbeams on the lake find Summer play.



On either shore—the French and Swiss—the stars look down at night,
Twinkling, first, on Dent du Midi, which here dominates in height.
A cozy, sun-warmed corner this, with beauty rare at hand;
Yet seek we more of grandeur, in the Bernese Oberland.

INTERLAKEN

Up mountain slope we crept anon; to Vevey said *adieu*.
The train, quite liliputian, and the color, baby blue;
A cream-white “diner” on behind supplied the *déjeuner*.
We thought it all a make-believe; 'twas nothing more than play.

To *live* on such a morning, and to travel, was a joy!
To travel, too, on baby train, that seemed less train than toy.
With many a curve and upward trend, and haltings by the way,
We leave the lake far, far below, and face Rochers de Naye.

Never those waters bluer shone than in that morning light;
With steady gaze, from 'mid the trees, we watched it out of sight.
Then on through pastures, close by streams, by slopes of flowers and
trees,
Our little train, in comfort, bore us smoothly on to Spiez.



With cone-like Niesen full in sight, we skirt the Lake of Thun,
And stand 'mid Interlaken's charms in early afternoon.

"Between the Lakes," for so it is, the name to meaning lends—
Inter-laken, washed by Thun and also by Brienz.

We'll "bide a wee" in this fair spot, amid this passing show—
The wee shops, so attractive, and the crowds that come and go.
Great hosts of different speaking tongues convene from far and near,
And crowd this valley hamlet for the Summer of each year.

* * * * *

Go, if one will, and time permits, or taste toward quiet trends,
To Thun upon the Thunersee, or Giessbach on Brienz.
Both lovely, peaceful beauty spots, where Nature lulls to rest;
Where one can walk, or dream at will, in green-clad, human nest.

To Schyniga Platte go for "Tea," if but for hour or two;
The Rothorn claims a longer time, though needed hours are few.
The former gives one, view superb! of grandeur there's no dearth!
But, standing on the Rothorn-Kulm, you'll think you see the earth.

To both a good funicular will bear one up in ease—
Beyond the valley-softness, where yet bolder sweeps the breeze;
Beyond the panorama, moving joyously along,
This sunny-faced, and yearly, Interlaken's Summer throng.

* * * * *



"Adown the higher Schilthorn"



We tarry, for we long to see yon Bernese maiden blush;
She's very coy, but now and then we catch an Alpine flush.
And oh! the beauty of that maid! She's glorious when seen,
Her head rose-tinted, standing guard between those walls of green.

Perhaps her boon companions then are whispering words of love;
We know they think her charms are great, all other charms above.
We know the Eiger and the Mönch have firmly stood for years,
Closest of all the Jungfrau's friends, mingling both smiles and tears.

The smiles that come with Summer suns; the tears that oftentimes flow
When thunderous storms, loud, fierce, and fast, crash round their
crowns of snow.

Superb is she, this Jungfrau! and we long to see the three
From Mürren's higher viewpoint, off beyond this Bödeli.

MÜRREN

Surely we've reached an upper world, where words have meager
weight,
These higher Alps are so superb! beyond all words, so great!
We face the Mönch and Eiger here—united! hand in hand
With Jungfrau! Glorious mistress of the Bernese Oberland!



We've lingered here at Mürren till we've learned to love them all—
The grand old peaks! the mountain walks! the soft Sefinen-Tal!
The scrambles down the mountain side! the picnics by the stream!
The Great Peaks far above us, in that softly sheltered green—

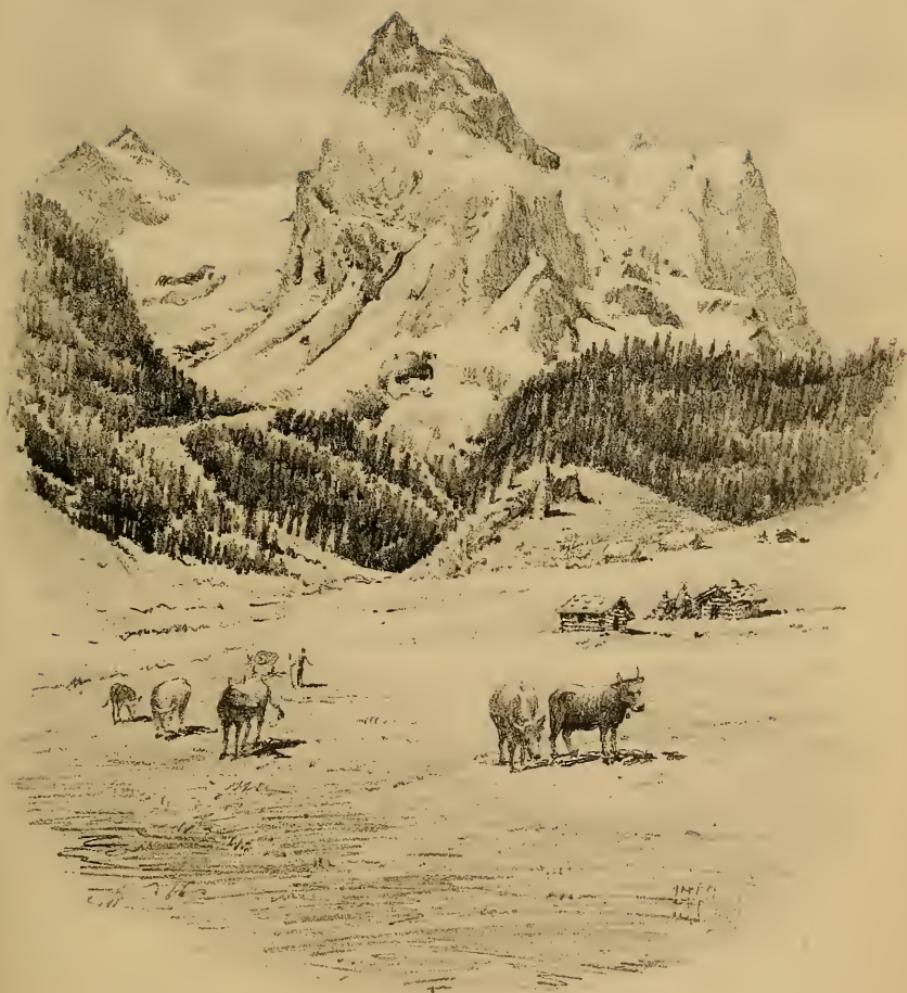
The Lauterbrunnen—lovely vale! whence, at the close of day,
We gather up belongings fast, and hie us on our way.
Yon mountain side is yet to scale; no longer can we rest;
Ere sunbeams fail to light the vale, we start for Mürren's crest.

And then, some morn, those higher flights! ten thousand feet in air!
Upward and ever onward, over upper pastures fair.
The last long pull, a hard one! o'er a rock-bed on one side;
The other, ere the snows are gone, gives instantaneous glide

Adown the higher Schilthorn. 'Tis the grandest spot we know!
Three great and glorious glissades down these upper fields of snow!
Too short, alas! Uproarious fun! There's but one loud refrain—
“Oh, to be back on summit, just to come down once again!”

CROSSING THE GROSSE SCHEIDEGG

We're keen for Alpine tramping, with its fine, brisk exercise!
The Grosse Scheidegg near at hand, and with it thoughts arise
Of how we crossed it days agone, reversing route in part.
Our Mecca then was Grindelwald, and Meiringen the start.



"They're grazing now, as we move on"



Which is, in truth, the better way ; the grandeur then you face ;
But being at this valley end, no need our steps retrace.
And thus we start. Up rugged steep ! no softly meadowed spot !
But stones, and crags, and wildness must be traversed to the top.

We revel, though, in fresh ozone, soft kissed by morning air ;
We catch new inspirations from this life-filled atmosphere.
It bids us on ! We'd fain take flight ! The birdlings on the wing
Seem not more free, nor light of heart, nor prone wild notes to sing.

* * * * *

The summit gained, we pause, and gaze on valley far below ;
On little, shut-in Grindelwald and Black Lütschine's flow.
All living there their Alpine lives, unconscious, it would seem,
Of busy days 'neath far-off skies, where life is more than dream.

Where "hurrying," "bustling" marks the hours, and "watch your step" the phrase—
One hears—and heeds!—lest scurrying powers crowd ills on crowded days.

But here, ahead, lies Schwarzwald ! and this, by sloping grade,
We reach anon, and halt awhile within its restful glade.

'Neath shadow of the Wetterhorn, 'mid solitude sublime !
'Twas here we made an all-night halt in last year's summer time.
We all recall the barnyard crowd, so more than friendly here ;
A craving shown for human kind, by coming strangely near.



Thus Brindle and her bonny calf, while others grazed around,
Would come, in friendliest fashion, up on porch, from pasture ground.
The two, soft-eyed and gentle seemed, in quiet, bovine way,
Though chewing cud, dear mother love they linked with new-mown
hay.

They're grazing now, as we move on toward pine grove walk ahead ;
So lovely in its density ! so quiet, as we tread
The needle-covered pathway, while up from river bed
Come rippling sounds and murmurings ; and this is what it said :

“Move along to Rosenlau! Rosenlau! just near by!”
“Move along through forest shadow, there's no need to be so spry!”
“Move along to Rosenlau! You will reach it if you try!”
“Rosenlau! Rosenlau! by and by! by and by!”

Ah! alluring mountain streamlet! it were better you had said,
“Move along! quickly on!” from your little, rocky bed !
“Move along! Look o'erhead! Don't you see the cloudlets spread?”
“Don't you hear the winds a-whispering of a torrent to be shed?”

“Move along! quickly on! tarry not a moment more!”
“Don't you sense a drenching pour? Don't you see the storm in store?”
Yes, capricious mountain stream! from your little, rocky bed—
“Move along! quickly on!” this is what you *should* have said.



“Within the vale which nestles Meiringen”



Yet we reached it! Rosenlau! Reached it, seemingly afloat,
Ere the hour for that great function—*l'omelette—poulet table d'hôte.*
'Twas only through the courtesy, howe'er, of hostess kind
That we dropped our dripping vestments, and in clothing dry we dined.

* * * * *

Now, alas! the Grosse Scheidegg Pass is but a memory bright!
'Tis closed upon our vision, for within the morrow's light
We'll tread the green-clad Hasli Tal, and thus be once again
Where flows the Aare, within the vale which nestles Meiringen.

And then for Paris! Autumn winds are subtly whispering low—
“ ‘Tis time for hoary change of leaf and lesser noonday glow.”
While swallows swooping hither, yon, then circling in mid-air—
All indicate brisk doings, for they, too, for flight prepare.

Thus then through Interlaken's charms we'll slowly move along,
With many a silent heart-regret for Summer days now gone.
Alas! to gay Luzerne we'll give but passing glance withal,
And pause for just a restful halt; and this we'll do at Basle.

PARIS

Just where three kings in effigy are standing in a row,
In memory of a compact made long centuries ago.
And note! Each king has stein upheld, as if to clear define
They drank perchance not water from the swiftly flowing Rhine.



For steins suggest the contents, and the quantity make clear;
Thus one suspects it might have been a good, big draught of beer.
Just there we made a pleasant halt at Basle upon the Rhine,
And there we saw the canvases of Böcklin and Holbein.

From there, that old-time city, we started once again
For sunny France, and mountain peaks exchanged for grassy plain.
Bartholdi's "lion" at Belfort was sighted none too clear;
'Tis best to stand beside it, as we stood one other year.

Too far removed to see it well, this bold, colossal form!
Emblem of strength on fortress wall! A guardsman cut in stone!
And thus by Petit Croix and Troyes, on eight-hour rapid train,
We find ourselves once more upon the borders of the Seine.

* * * * *

Queen City! Always beautiful! *Toujours la gai Paris!*
The Mecca most Americans have longings keen to see.
We walk her fine, wide avenues, her Place de la Concorde;
For miles we stroll in artists' realms through Louvre and Luxembourg.

Take river trips to St. Germain, or tarry at Belle Vue;
Perchance we pause at Ville d'Avray, whose lake charms not a few—
Whose quiet, peaceful haunts Corot, with wondrous touch of brush,
Transferred, e'en to the atmosphere, a warmth like living flush.



Perhaps we linger with the crowds that find a loitering hour,
And on the Champs Elyseés yield to Fashion's spell and power.
We, too, absorbed as shadows fall, watch here the passing show—
The smiling heart of Paris, whether high in power or low.

Nowhere on earth a boulevard gives lovelier breadth of scene,
A finer play of waters, or more wealth of flowering green ;
And driveway, leading straightway on, a long and broad highway,
Which played a part in story once—*route de la Grande Armée*.

The route Napoleon's troops came down, as conquerors coming home ;
The frosts, the snows of Moscow, with its siege, were then unknown.
Look East—a palace ! West—an arch ! stand 'mid the flowers ! it
 seems
The old-time name well chosen was—it is Elysian Fields !

And o'er these fields well-costumed dames dream on life's easy dream,
In motor, cab, or carriage, making feathery, fluttering scene.
For merry-making outdoor life is such important part
In lives of these who France adore, these people light of heart.

Think not 'tis all frivolity ! The mother plies her thread ;
Perhaps upon her sidewalk seat, she works for daily bread.
The underlying, toiling hand works hard in *la belle France* ;
But toils and laughs, prepared on call, for either prayer or dance.



'Tis fascinating Paris, howsoe'er we chance to go—
To palace gardens of Versailles, or parks of Fontainebleau ;
To little Rueil and Malmaison, the home of Josephine,
Whence she retired when Bonaparte divorced her as his queen.

Or pause beneath a gilded dome, where laurel wreath, as crest
Round letter N, denotes wherein Ambition lies at rest.
A last wish gratified of one whose ashes there were lain
'Mong people that he loved, and on the borders of the Seine.

* * * * *

We'd fain forget the shadow dark, which daily comes with force
On public benefactor, too—the knock-kneed cabby-horse.
We greet the public motor-cab, fast coming into use,
Whose subtle power needs not the whip, but *will* heed base abuse.

Not so the poor old Paris horse, who goes till head hangs low,
Till even whip has lost effect, and feet refuse to go.
If in some future paradise, Elysian pastures grow,
We hope, with all our hearts we hope, the cabby-horse may go.

'Tis passing strange, the tenderness bestowed on household pets—
Those speechless, loving animals who claim one's love; and yet
The horse fails quite to reach the heart—fine, noble, faithful friend!
Though service renders not in part, but all, and to the end.

* * * * *



"The grand 'charrette' is on, which bursts afresh
with each 'rendu'"



We've seen a narrow strip of land strewn o'er with little mounds,
The river rippling either side these peaceful, wooded grounds;
And there lies "Mimi," "Dash," or "Bob," 'mid tombstones and 'mid
bowers;
A wealth of tenderness and love shown daily by fresh flowers.

We've seen a group of saddened forms stand pensively around
Where blue forget-me-nots were strewn on almost square-made mound.
At head, inscription; and at foot, in beaded letters blue—
"L'Anniversaire!" The story told! What more could "Mother" do?

* * * * *

Two sides there are to Paris, and one the tourist knows;
The other, full of byways, and the Seine between them flows.
The bells ring out "Old Paris!" and, ringing, seem to say,
"There's much to see this side the stream besides the *Bon Marché*."

Such old, half-hidden corners, quaintest courts tucked well away,
Where dormer windows open on a shut-in passageway;
Where long-haired artists congregate, a spot they daily haunt;
And baggy "types"! those oddities who wondrous fashions flaunt.

In Quarter, full of interest, half closed to light of day,
Sleeps old-time Amphitheater, from date of Roman sway.
We stand within arena with a spell upon us cast;
Gone every thought of Paris here; we're living in the Past.



Living, and on the Beaux Arts side, where student life one meets,
A rambling, dear old Quarter, with its narrow, crooked streets.
We meet the boys, with packs on backs, fast going into *loges*;
Just when again they're out depends on how grey matter flows.

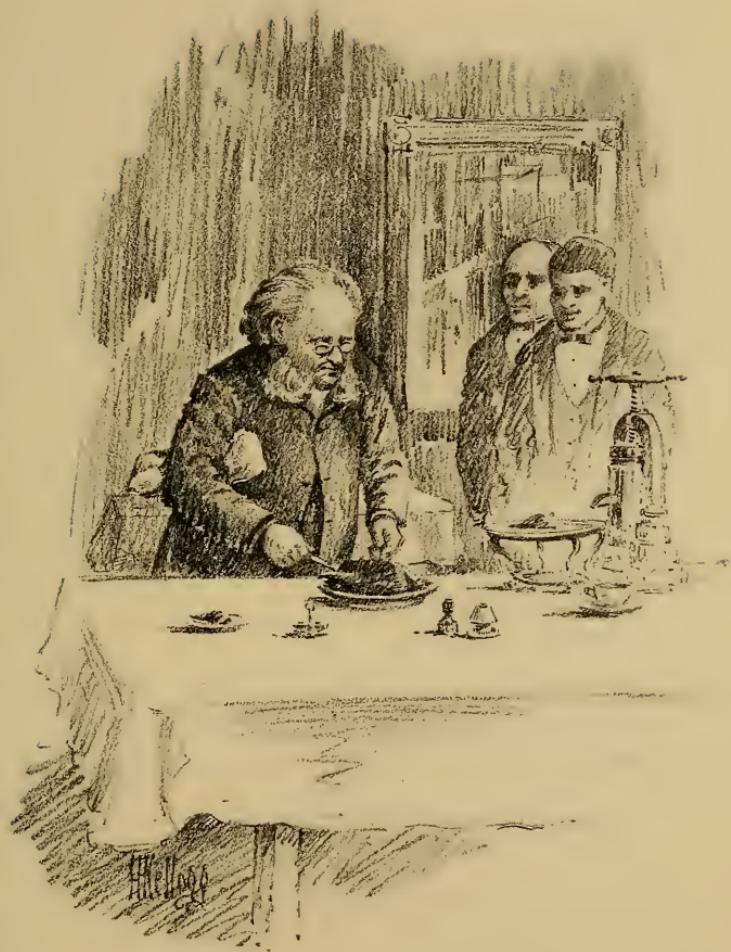
We meet them scurrying toward *l'école* with thoughts of being late;
That pot of paste and streamers *must* be passed inside the gate!
The grand *charrette* is on, which bursts afresh with each *rendu*,
When *projets* *must* be rendered ere the clock peals forth one, *two*.

One stands with palpitating heart, and scans with eager eye
The *projet-laden* hand *charrettes* a-scurrying, rumbling by.
Oh, "speed them on!" one almost shouts! "Speed on; be not too
late!"
Half-minute more! A wild stampede! "*Vite, Vite!*" and closed the
gate!

* * * * *

Changed is the scene! A silence falls, the calm which follows storm;
The boys within those Beaux Arts walls, and we, in turn, move on.
'Tis long before the evening meal, the function of the day;
Perchance to Gardens near at hand, or Bois, we wend our way.

Then later, dine at Tour d'Argent, where wondrous *chef* presides
O'er carving knife and chafing dish, and sundry choice supplies,
Including duck! and *such* a duck! Ye gods and little fishes!
How Frédéric's savory duck supplants all other barnyard dishes!



"This Frédéric ! Chubby little man!"



This Frédéric! Chubby little man, on Quai de la Tournelle,
Quite looks the sage professor, and he is! for, truth to tell,
Some thirty thousand ducks he has already carved and served.
Professor of Anatomy! *n'est-pas?* 'tis well deserved!

* * * * *

But, oh! the memories clinging round a narrow thoroughfare,
Where Holy Fathers gather! known so well as *des Saints Pères*.
And, just at hand, Rue Palatine; what happy thoughts arise!
Appartement au Cinquième! first floor—below the skies.

From there one sees, in silhouette, above surroundings high,
The square, dark towers of Notre Dame against the Eastern sky.
We're up among the chimneys now, beyond street sounds and trees;
We watch the birds move in and out their homes, among the eaves.

We hear their friendly chatter, though we know not what they say,
As sunset glows come richly through the tower across the way.
And 'neath that tower rise heart appeals from those bent low in prayer;
To balcony one oftentimes steals to see them enter there;

And catch anon, on waves of sound, an organ's notes arise;
Then, swelling, fall to depths profound, or, trembling, seek the skies.
Aye, the Avenue de l'Opéra, or grand Rue de la Paix,
Has not the charm we find around the old-town side the Quai.



Here Gardens of the Luxembourg, with old-time Cluny, too!
The Sorbonne Church, in which is seen the tomb of Richelieu.
All full of interest, this old side! it charms without surcease;
We love it all, and love the glows which fall on St. Sulpice.

'Tis good-by now to birdlings; we leave them in the eaves;
There'll be some other Paris days, but never days like these—
With their cozy dinner parties, and the Yuletide gayeties.
We'll hold them sacred in our hearts; soon, only memories.

* * * * *

Our last night here! a memory night! Aye, tinged with heart regret!
'Tis one, in varied years to come, we never *can* forget!
How fair the scene! Till memories cease, will glow this full of moon,
Bathing alike the St. Sulpice and towers of Notre Dame.

Two sides there are to Paris—

One either side the Seine.

We've chosen ours—Beaux Arts! Beaux Arts!

Our choice, and our refrain.

EN ROUTE TO ENGLAND

We cross the English Channel, via Dover and Calais,
Which means a bit of R. R. ride by Canterbury way.
The crossing made so quickly—just, in point of time, an hour;
Then we seek a glimpse in passing of that old Bell Harry Tower.



"And towers of Notre Dame"



We know the quiet peacefulness which lingers round the place—
That air of Sunday sanctity, which Monday can't efface.
'Tis so in all Cathedral towns! as if the sacred pile
Was giving out, in silence, benedictions all the while.

E'en now strange memories waken, as our retrospection tells
Of former days, when listening to those Canterbury bells;
And the wandering through old High Street, to little Mercery Lane;
And just where Thomas à Becket stood, within the church walls slain.

But with the miles we're covering comes a change of atmosphere—
A cloudy sort of snuff-brown haze, and chimney pots appear.
These last are like battalions, standing, soldier like, in line;
In readiness for fire and smoke in sunless Winter time.

Before us stretches, far away, far as the eye can roam,
A perfect, sea-like wave on wave of close-built, mortared stone.
'Tis London! rich in mellowness! to full fruition grown!
And easily the biggest gem in all the Kingdom's crown.

Such size and population! Like atoms, thoughts are twirled!
We simply give it up, and say, "The Mother of the world!"
Old England! Mother England! Source of our Plymouth's birth!
Thy power, which shows itself at home, has girdled all the earth.



Thy sons go forth in multitudes, their “Union Jack” to bear;
In all four quarters of the earth, their country’s cause to share.
There’s Tommy bold, policing here, and Tommy, active there!
One meets brave Tommy Atkins round the world, most everywhere.

This London! Wondrous London! Far too great for jingling form!
We leave it on its winding Thames, and slowly move along,
With just a thought in passing, just a rhythmic word or two,
To England! dear old England! which is less than England’s due.

OLD IVY-ED ENGLAND

Old Ivy-ed England, full of ancient days!
And full, as well, of time-abiding ways.
Where rules are rules for aye, not for a day;
And where foundations laid are laid to stay.

Where homes mean comfort, and where wayside inn
Bespeaks for guest a sheltered rest within;
Whose window-blooms would bid one there alight
For be it “Tea,” or haply for the night.



"Of former days, when listening to those Canterbury bells"



Where cattle chew the cud upon the downs,
With blackfoot southdowns, clad in woolly gowns;
Where, 'mid the waving wheat, bright poppies gleam;
And, look which way one will, is ivy green.

Where church bells ring a frequent call for prayer;
And in the softening starlight's evening air
Comes forth, from silence of the whole day long,
The nightingale, to sing his mellow song.

Where narrow lanes go wandering here and there,
Watched over by the hawthorn's flowering care;
And with the Springtime's newly wakened power
Comes bright laburnum, like a golden shower.

A land whose British ensign, when unfurled,
Waves o'er the greatest city in the world;
Where stately oaks spread wide, whence umbrage falls,
And from whose leafy depths come cuckoo calls.

How sweet that call, though *paresseux* the bird!
The nest in yonder hedge he'd fain disturb;
Eject the nestling family, and by pelf
Take calm possession, nestling there himself.



Not quite alone is he ; in point of mind
He hath affinities 'mong human kind.
Cuckoos—*persona!* loth to toil for bread,
But light on some kind, bounteous hand instead.

* * * * *

Here Dover Cliffs rise proudly from the sea,
And stand, in white, defensive majesty,
With outstretched arms, 'neath castellated hill,
Which harbor means to mariner who will.

Cold, rocky stretch of coast line, frowning down
On waters which, at times, return that frown ;
And whence, if sunbeams pierce the grey by chance,
One may descry the outlined coast of France.

Hither, with human freight, the big ships come ;
And thither sail, from morn till day is done.
Coming and going—e'en passing in the nights ;
While over all that deep—swing starry lights.

* * * * *

Old Ivy-ed England ! Veritable shrine !
Where moves, with stately tread, old Father Time
In conscious dignity, as if to say,
“I know great Rome was built not in a day.”



Where Kenilworth sways still a potent spell;
And in its stately standing seems to tell
Of banquet hall, with many a light ablaze,
In days of merriment—Elizabethan days.

With tones subdued, our own slow, quiet tread
Seems but an echo of the sounds long dead,
When pretty Amy Robsart played her part,
And old Queen Bess bestowed her jealous heart,

As well as Kenilworth, on one who proved
Not altogether worthy of her love.

“Rest them in peace,” we say; each had his day!
Each from those oriel windows looked away,

Far over Green, and Tower, and Warwickshire;
Far beyond garden walls and vistas clear.
And now, at hand, does not the ivy say:
“Great in the past! Grand ruin of today”?

* * * * *

Old Ivy-ed England, where sweet roses grow
In rambling beauty! as if wont to show
Strong contrast to the mighty lion roar
Which sounds, the world around, from shore to shore.



Here Stonehenge lifts its monolithic stones
As century upon century unrolls;
And long, it seems, as centuries shall last,
They'll stand and hold their long-sealed history fast.

Here, too, 'neath chapel flooring, rests a vault
Whereon one halts. The name awakens thought!
Name? "Henry VIII." The thought? What if his wraith
Leave now his Jane, to wed a seventh, and eighth?

That would leave Jane and Charles the First alone,
Since they, the three, have shared that charnel home.
How like "Old Harry," though, to wish to wed,
E'en 'mid the precincts of the shadowy dead.

Royal the silent guests those slabs enfold,
With gates well guarded and nigh castle old.
Unmindful now of bells in Curfew Tower;
Their crowns and scepters dropped with earthly power.

* * * * *

Oh, such a volume rare, this Motherland!
Whose grand, historic piles are wont to stand,
And to whose shores, the while old Time shall last,
We'll come, to read the story of the past.



One feels the richness of a setting sun!
The colors garnered and the day's work done,
Which, on the threshold, glows afresh once more,
With color scheme more glorious than before.

Here would we have Old Ivy-ed England halt!
Wrapped well in glories, by her valor bought.
Ablaze with splendor, on the horizon's verge;
No color missing and no tone submerged.

YE INNS OF ENGLAND

And who that knows old England fails to know her numerous inns?
With their snow-white curtained windows and their blooms upon the
sills.
Where the hostess of that rest-abode dispels all hunger fears;
Where her welcome—chance may have it—goes back “five and
twenty years.”

’Tis like a drop from out the sea, these offerings now at hand;
Like “Thank you’s,” inns are fertile all throughout this rose-grown
land.
In city or in country, on some broad way or in lane,
There’s always to be found an inn, well coupled to a name.



Thus flourish they by dozens; day by day and hour by hour,
In whichever way one wanders, there'll be always just one more.
For instance, there's the "Ball-faced Stag," and then, the "Horse and
Chaise";
Remembrance that of way-back, tranquil, ante-motor days.

"Old Mother Shipton," she looks down from elevation high,
And keeps on good "Sir Robert Peel" a rather wistful eye.
The "British Queen" and "Gypsy Queen" seem trying to evoke
Some memories past of "Robin Hood," around the "Royal Oak."

"Black Horse" and "Old White Lion," "Pied Horse" and "Bear,"
Are cropping up, and standing mute, on corners everywhere.
The "Three Stars" and "Eight Stars," and often one lone "Star,"
Hold out allurements brilliant to gay wanderers from afar.

The "Falcon" and the "Unicorn," both famous in their line,
Are wont to vie in prestige with the bristling "Porcupine."
We sight "Old Mother Red Cap," whomsoever she may be,
And think she should be mistress of the near-by "Busy Bee."



“Ye Olde Nag’s Head” and “Reindeer,” “Lord Palmerston” and
“Plough”;

“Ye Olde Mitre,” “Bull and Gate,” “King Harry,” and “Lord
Howe”;

“Ye Olde Lantern,” “White Crow,” and soon the “Stag and
Hounds”;

“Ye Plume and Feathers,” “Ball and Anchor,” “Dog,” and “Floral
Arms.”

The “Duke of York” and “Rising Sun”;

The “Royal Oak” and “Pelican”;

The “Jack Hotel” and “Hare and Hounds”;

The “Chequers,” “Banquets,” “Bacon Arms.”

The “Three Kings,” “Woolpack,” “Malt and Shovel”;

The “Three Tuns,” “Windmill,” “Swan and Squirrel”;

“The Jolly Gardener” and “Traveller’s Friend”;

“Bull’s Head,” “King’s Head,” and Heads *sans* end.

“Ye Olde Castle,” “Pond House,” “Hermitage,” and “Moor”;

“The Hare and Hounds,” “Bleeding Horse,” and “Red Cows”
galore;

“The Black Duck” and “Black Dog” and “Black Boy,” as well;

“The Cat and Fiddle,” “Trusty Servant,” and “St. Anne’s Weil.”



“The Maiden’s Head” and “Turk’s Head” and “Jolly Foresters”;
“The Peggy Bedford,” “Prince of Wales,” and “Jolly Waggoners”;
“The Six Bells” and “Eight Bells,” the “Dolphin” and “Full
Moon”;
The “King Alfred,” “Bat and Ball,” and “Sir John Barley Corn.”

The “Flying Horse” and “God Begot” and “Home away from
Home”;
The “Tartar Frigate,” “Jolly Sailor,” “Lamb,” and “Rose and
Crown”;
“Ye Queen’s Head,” “Coach and Horses,” “Red Bull,” and
“Reform”;
The “Old Crown,” “Cork and Magpie,” “Goat,” and “Horse and
Groom.”

The “Elephant and Castle,” always coming into view;
With “Stag and Hounds” by dozens, and likewise a “Barley Mew.”
A little wayside tea-place, where the “Rose” a fragrance lends;
And who but well remembers “Star and Garter” on the Thames?

A “Blue Lion” and “Red Lion,” as if from Zoo astray;
While “Golden Lion” fiercely keeps an old “Roebuck” at bay.
The “Bird in Hand” seems comforted; no need to seek the “Nest”;
With a little “Jug and Bottle” tucked in well among the rest.



"Then picking up the 'Cocks,' near by"



Then picking up the “Cocks,” near by, another comes in view;
A big but silent “Black Bird,” and a brilliant “Cockatoo.”
The “Lion and Lamb” of Bible fame, we find them here together;
As peaceful in their bearing as the little inn, “White Heather.”

The “Rose and Thistle,” “Angler,” too, “Three Feathers” and “Blue Bell,”
All sound the tocsin of the “Mug,” and startling fables tell.
The “Wheatsheaf,” “Ye Olde Castle,” and “Ancient Foresters,”
The “Angel Inn,” “Green Dragon,” and “Merry Harriers.”

The “King’s Oak” and “Forest Gate,” “Monarch” and “Three Swans”;
The “Six Swans,” “Black Cap,” “Grapes,” and “Baker’s Arms”;
The “Jack’s Booth,” “Salutation,” “Gospel Oak,” and “Bull,”
The “Old Eagle,” then again “Half-Moon,” as well as full.

The “Hen and Chickens,” “Duck,” and “Rabbit,” “Old Black Hen” and “Sheep”;
Such endless lines of open doors these kindly creatures keep.
The “Crab and Lobster” welcome give “Three Herrings” and the “Cheese”;
Whereas the “Seven Stars” suggest the upper “Pleiades.”



The “Red Ball” and the “White Ball,” and the scores we must omit
In that endless chain of “Moons” and “Stars,” and “Suns” that never
set.

Then pausing for a moment, just to sum up all we’ve passed,
We sight again “Three Pigeons,” and anon the “Bull and Last.”

These, and a host to follow! Then a fact dawns on the mind—
We noted first of England’s Inns; the Last we never find.

THE RETURN

There’s history and a romance clinging round the old, old world,
Unknown to lands in infancy, whose legends still unfurled
Are growing, both in strength and lore; and when long years are
passed,
And Time’s old, mellowed mantle will be firmly o’er *us* cast,

We too will have a romance, and old, ivy-covered walls;
We’ll tell the tale of centuries around historic halls.
We’ll lure strange peoples to our shores, as we are lured today;
We’ll be the “Old” then; they the “New.” We’ll hold the charm!
not they.



"Southampton! tidy, little town!"



Removed not far from London is Old England's great front door;
Or one of them, for on her coast she opens many more.
Southampton! tidy, little town! distant two hours by rail;
And tied up at her moorings now, our ship is nigh to sail.

* * * * *

Just one more ferry to be crossed—the broad, Atlantic main!
It seems such trifling matter now to reach home shores again.
Outstretched these waters though they be, the crossing seems but short;
Big sister ships pass neighborly, *en route* from port to port.

Exchange of salutations, given through medium of air,
Are constant in occurrence on this ocean thoroughfare.
Not so on great Pacific! on whose waters, vast and deep,
We have listened to wild roarings, and we've watched them calmed in
sleep.

Slowly the days move on ofttimes! Stars twinkle night on night,
With no Marconi message caught, nor sister ship in sight;
Naught seen around save flying fish, or porpoises at play,
And we—lone humans!—there afloat on bounding, big highway.

Rolling and rolling, ever on, those waters far from here,
Just as they've rolled, unceasingly, for many and many a year—
Ere Orient and the far-off East were more to us than dream;
A canvas bright and glowing, but a picture yet unseen.

* * * * *



And now we're nearing green-clad shores! in sight—New York's big Bay!

We watch outgoing steamers through the Narrows wend their way.
Starting to plow our closed-in tracks, with gleeful, ship-bound bands,
For days to pace those narrowed decks *en route* to Fatherlands.

We send a Godspeed, passing, as from one we catch refrain;
It sounds a note of parting for it ends, "*Auf wiedersehen*."
We've said "*Chang ah*" to China; "*Sayonara*" to Japan;
Hoping the morn may dawn on which we'll see both shores again.

To Russia, "*Dō svidanïa!*!" or, should one like to say
A something far more *comme il faut*, try then, "*Proshcháité!*"
"Auf wiedersehen" to Germany! a musical "Good-by"!
Like daily strains of song which rise beneath a German sky.

An "*Au revoir*" to sunny France! we breathed it not with pain;
'Tis not "Good-by," just "*Au revoir!*" which means, "We'll meet again."

And then to old Korea! their's is a long farewell—
"*Pyeng-an-e-Kasseo*" (on the final letters dwell).

To Switzerland, our second home, another "*Au revoir!*"
Her mountain chains and verdant vales are calling evermore.
We love her granite, towering peaks! her edelweiss and rills!
Her snows eternal! glaciers deep! our soul with rapture thrills.



At very thought of Switzerland! Dear land whose heights supreme
Are clad in virgin whiteness, and whose vales in softest green.
Then England! grand, old England, with the same dear mother tongue!
We feel when there, and say "Good-by," 'tis kinsfolk we're among.

But as to being kinsmen—does not a voice within
Whisper to each and every one, "Are we not all akin?"
The same great God looks down on all—the great in power, the small!
The white, the black, the yellow race; the same great Power made all.

The monarch ruling empires, and the tiniest wayside flower;
In all this world-wide Brotherhood, one great, creative Power.
Result of cultivation may produce the queenliest rose,
But the same creative Spirit breathes in tiniest flower that grows.

* * * * *

And now, dear little Jingle Book, what can we say to you?
Such constant, close companion all these varied wanderings through.
So sweetly ready always, in your own receptive way,
To take whate'er was offered and hear all we had to say.

We've been so sympathetic, and we've gathered such a store
Of bright, enduring memories, to be ours forevermore.
Together we've gone round the world, and back to native shore;
Together we the *finis* add, and turn the last page o'er.



In English, 'tis not "*Au revoir!*" 'tis termed "that good, old word"!
It rests on English-speaking tongues when English hearts are stirred.
The old, old word! that well-worn word—"Good-by!" 'tis ours to say,
And ours, our troth to fondly pledge to go again some day.

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